The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XIX APRIL, 1932 No. 4

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. 19 April, 1932 No. 4

CONTENTS

Almond Blossoms ..... Frontispiece
Nature's Awakening ..... Julina B. Green 197
The Door Mat ..... Ivy Williams Stone 199
The Russian Religious Question ..... Thomas L. Martin 209
Historic Markers ..... Dr. George W. Middleton 213
Fidelity ..... Edith E. Anderson 215
The Light Within ..... Blanche Kendall McKey 216
Side Lights on the Book of Mormon ..... John Henry Evans 218
High Noon on the Escalante ..... Harrison R. Merrill 222
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 223
What Mankind Gains from the Investigation of Nature ..... J. H. Paul 224
Plowing ..... Theron Luke 226
My Prayer ..... Josephine Gardner Moench 227
Notes to the Field 228
Notes from the Field 232
Editorial—The Drawing Power of Christ 237
The Sixth of April 238
The President of the National Council 239
Counselor Lyman Honored 239
Lesson Department 240
Spring—A Fantasy ..... Ezra J. Poulsen 256

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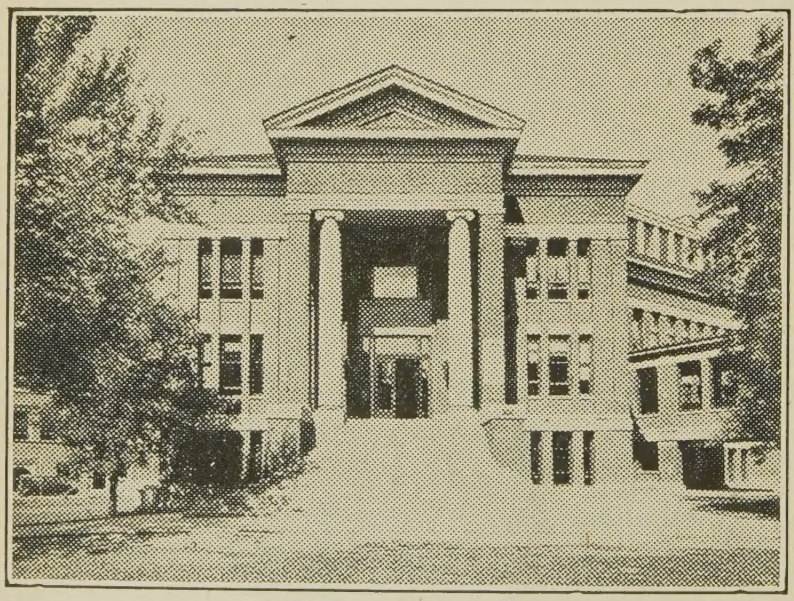

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ENTER ANY MONDAY

Nature's Awakening

By Julina B. Green

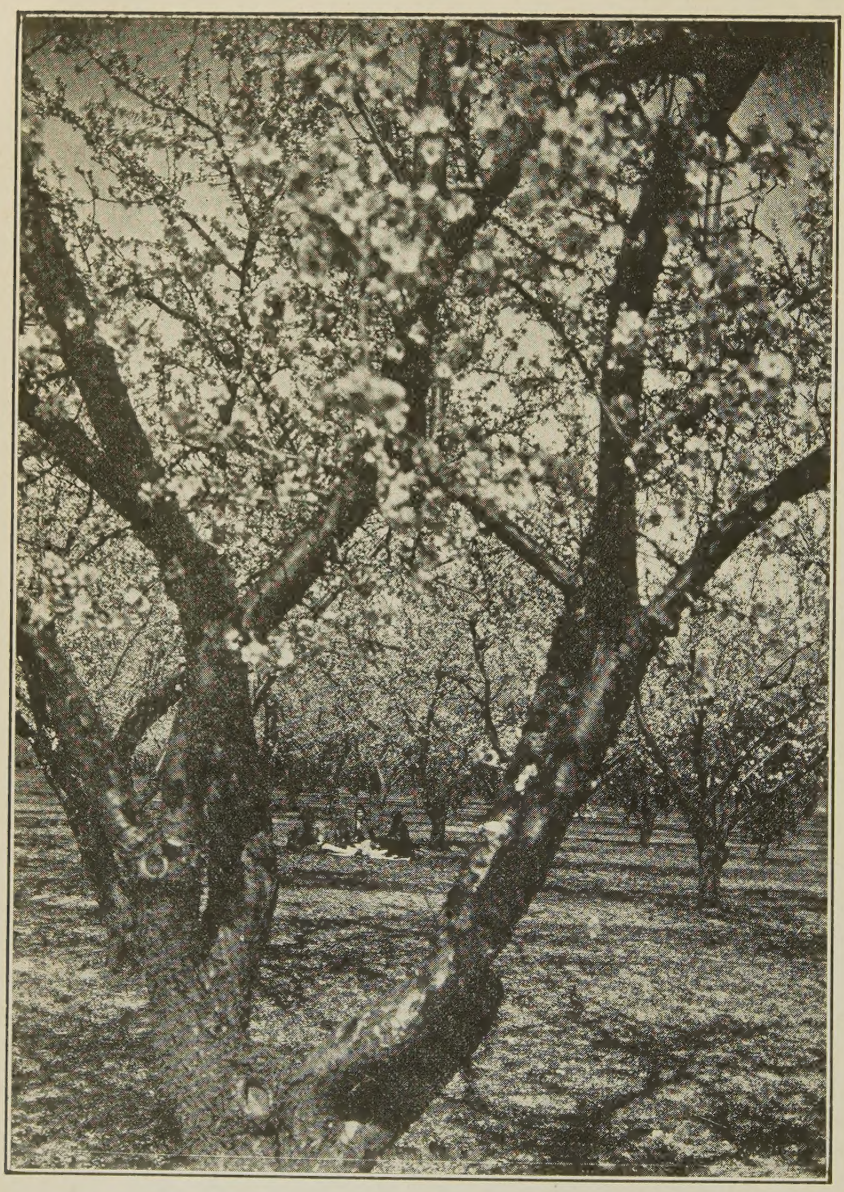
There's a tinge in the air of springtime, and hark!
I hear in the distance the blackbird and lark.
And dear robin red breast is chirping his call
To his lady love perched in the apple tree tall.

The crocus with sunshine is sprinkling the hills.
And watercress grows 'neath the banks of the rills.
The baby grass timidly peeps from the ground
To make sure that Jack Frost is nowhere around.

The buds in the tree tops grow bigger each day,
So sweet leafy springtime is not far away.
An occasional scouting bee buzzes near by
And white fleecy clouds bedot the blue sky.

The willows are showing a shading of green,
And frisking o'er meadows white lambkins are seen.
The woodpecker's drumming I hear on a tree,
Summer quarters he's hunting for his bride to-be.

The ant and the beetle their work have begun,
While saucy gray squirrels play tag in the sun.
All nature is waking to new life, 'tis clear.
O, sweet balmy springtime already is here.



Pictorial California.

ALMOND BLOSSOMS

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XIX APRIL, 1932 No. 4

The Door Mat

By Ivy Williams Stone

IT was nine-thirty on Saturday night before Olive Campbell had a chance to drop into a living room rocker. Even then, she could not reach for the new magazine which, still unopened, lay enticingly near. Instead she shoved her hand into the mending basket. Socks, *socks, socks!* Nothing but darning when one rested. She plied her needle savagely, straining one ear for hints on the progress of the twins' bath; straining the other to learn if Ardea was really getting the baby to sleep.

Ned, lounging comfortably in the big upholstered chair, threw the evening paper aside and reached for the coveted magazine.

"Should have thought you'd have read this when it first came," he commented, tearing the wrapper which Olive's fingers itched to remove. "It's the one you like best. Full of good stories too." He settled back comfortably and was immediately engrossed in the first enticing page.

Olive continued to darn. Baby Helen's white silks for Sunday needed especial care. A tiny run showed on one. Ardea's oxfords must be defective—her heels were woefully ragged. And the twins' stockings were *kneeless*. Olive dug farther into the basket for the heavy, thick thread—the cotton which worked up faster.

Echoes of moist conflict came from the bathroom.

"I dare you!" Harold's shrill treble floated out. "I just dare you." And Ken's deeper, superior tones. "Well, supposin' I darst to? What'll you do? I'm strongest!"

Olive puckered her brow. Would they never learn their English? Why did they quarrel and argue? Quick to rise to each other's defense where others were concerned, they battled endlessly in private. From the adjoining room Ardea's voice came petulantly irritated. Too irritated, too high strung, Olive knew, for a girl of thirteen.

"Mama, she just won't go to sleep. She's fed and bathed and warm, and her eyelids are too heavy for words. She knows I want to finish my book, that's why!"

"Say, Mother," Ned looked up casually, keeping a finger to mark his place, "I'm thinking of building a service station to lease. That corner lot's stood vacant long enough. A new company's coming here, and they've made me an offer."

"For how long?" Olives' quick

brain had a business turn which Ned liked to humor.

"Oh, about seventy-five dollars per month for five years. How's that—some velvet, eh?"

A sound of splashing water interrupted further financial discussion. A defiant laugh, a slammed door, quickly followed by wails from baby Helen and angry protests from Ardea.

"Mama, how do you expect me to coax a baby to sleep while those two boisterous, obstreperous, ill-mannered, noisy turbulent boys persist in quarreling? I was just slipping out and now she's wide awake again! They're just a pair of boisterous, tumultuous, refractory boys, that's all they are!"

Ned grinned and rubbed his head. "Seems as though Ardea's vocabulary is sort of enlarging," be muttered.

"He dared me!" defended Ken.

"And I threw water back!" retorted Harold.

Two grinning, dripping boys, shining from recent soap, tiptoed into the living room. Ned surveyed them with fatherly pride. "It's a pleasure to see you spotlessly clean, if only on Saturday night," he added. "Better run along to bed now, so as you'll be up early for Sunday School. Ardea, I'll manage that baby. Here Mother, put up your darning and read this article about a woman seeing New York City in seven days."

"I can't put it up! I have to finish!" flashed Olive in much the same tone Ardea had admonished the boys. "They need these stockings for tomorrow. And the heels in your gray silks are threadbare."

"Aw shucks," replied Ned, who was ever unruffled, "there'll be socks to darn when you're gone. This is a good article. A married woman—mother of a family too—took time off to do New York City. She saw everything worth looking at, and did it in seven days too. I'll bet she got enough for her story to pay for her trip. Maybe you'd better try something like that.

Olive laughed harshly as she rolled up the last pair of re-kneed stockings and reached for the weakening silks.

"Small chance for me to go anywhere," she retorted, "I'm only a door mat. All I do is wash and iron, cook and scrub, clean and mend. My life is just an endless circle of home tasks. I've always wanted to travel, but my journeys are limited to the meat market and the grocery store, with trips to the dentist for diversion." She gave her needle a vicious jab into the innocent sock.

Ned looked concerned. Olive's tight lips and drawn features revealed taut nerves. Perhaps she was near a breakdown. Sometimes women got that way from staying too close with their babies.

"If I build this station maybe we can save the rent and go somewhere next summer," he suggested. Olive's derisive laugh told all too plainly that perhaps next summer would be too late. "I have to re-mop that bathroom, and lay out their Sunday clothes, and set the oatmeal to soak and fix Helen's mid-night bottle, and then I'll come to bed!"

When Ned came home Monday evening he carried a shiny new suitcase and traveling bag. These he set in the middle of the parlor floor, drew a long pink railroad ticket from his pocket, and spread it over the bags. Then he added a folder of traveler's checks and stepping backwards, announced to the assembled, curious family:

"These are the humble servants

that will assist Mrs. Ned Campbell to see New York City in ten days!"

"What do you mean, Papa?" cried Ardea, her thin little face animated with expectancy. "Are you really sending our beloved, adored, respected, charming Mama away?"

"I think Mrs. *N. R. Campbell* would look better on the tag," added Ned. "More dignified," he made an exaggerated bow. "Before noon on Friday you will be eating on the diner, somewhere near Council Bluffs, Iowa! Your Aunt Henrietta will be your traveling companion—she's been aching to go, but dared not venture alone!"

"O you lovable, impractical man," gasped Olive, "I can't go!"

"But you nervous, overworked, stay-at-home, domestic, harassed, *door-mat* of a lady, you are going," retorted Ned Campbell, "in spite of all the objections you can think of. Your Aunt Henrietta is packing her bags right this minute."

"But the babies—your food—"

"My Cousin Blanche Horton is coming to keep house while you're gone. Having reared ten children, she knows two and one-half times as much as you do about all things domestic."

"But I have no traveling clothes."

"Buy 'em there," smiled Ned. "Then you'll be an object of envy in this town for a year. Take your bags empty and bring 'em back full."

"My grape jelly—" faltered Olive. "Cousin Blanche's grape jelly took the prize last year."

"I haven't washed the blankets."

"I'll send them to the laundry. They do them nicer, anyhow."

"The boys need sleepers and Ardea's serge is only half finished."

"Send things home to them. They say the things in the second basements of those big department stores are lots cheaper than the same stuff on the upper floors. Bargains galore!"

"O Mother," Ardea's peaked little features became almost beautiful, "I'll help. I'll tend Helen after school and iron at night. It will be wonderful! You can climb the Statue of Liberty and gaze out over the vast, tranquil expanse of water like Balboa—

"He was looking at the Pacific, Sis. Where's your geography?" scoffed Harold.

"Well, water is water, and oceans are oceans," answered Ardea in a superior tone.

"The children might get sick," Olive was weakening, but reluctant. "A boy in Ken's room had a fever the other day."

"There's a doctor on this very block." Ned seemed primed to refute all her protests. "Your ticket is bought. That folder represents three hundred dollars. Your sleeper is reserved and paid for. If you think you are so important that your family can't live without you for a while—it's time you learned something."

"But the money—"

"Oh, I decided not to build that station right now. Times are uncertain," answered Ned easily. "Cousin Blanche is coming in the morning to sort of get the ropes. She'll straighten these kids out while you're gone. Train leaves Wednesday at two. That's that."

"Mother," Ken came and stood before her and pointed a grimy finger for emphasis, "Mother, I want you to be able to tell me about the color of the big horse in that picture called 'The Horse Fair.' Some say it's pure white—some say it's dapple grey. You make sure."

"And I want to know the size of the ear and the eye in that Goddess of Liberty," added Harold. "Our

geography book says her nose is four feet long and her waist thirty-five feet thick. I'd call her some *lady!*"

"I'd love to go with you to Tiffany's," sighed Ardea. "They have the loveliest chased gold, and wrought silver and first water diamonds; and every other person is a policeman!"

"Me go—me go!" added baby Helen and Olive, glad for this timely diversion, clutched her baby and carried her off to bed.

There followed two days of hectic, whirlwind preparation. Cousin Blanche, lean and rather dyspeptic, looked askance at the electric stove and frankly stated that they ate queerly. She insisted that the children go to bed earlier, speak only when spoken to, and commented on the absence of "Yesmams" and "Nomams" in the vocabulary of modern children. Olive, alternately packing her bags and issuing instructions and explanations, moved as if in a trance. She showed Cousin Blanche where to find the woolens if it turned cold; where to find the syrup of ipecac if one of them got croup; where to find patching material for the boys' trousers. She admonished the boys to wear knee pads when playing marbles; to wash their ears with soap; to clean their teeth at night. Ned smiled and agreed to do all the multitudinous things she requested. Yes, he would not forget his pills; he would cover the chrysanthemums if a frost threatened; he would not buy candy; he would sweeten their cereals with honey instead of sugar; he would see that Harold ate his vegetables before his dessert.

At last she was off, looking tiny and slender beside Aunt Henrietta's plumpness. Baby Helen, uncomprehending, clutched her father's neck as the train whistled; the boys were voluntarily neat and clean; Ardea held a handkerchief over her quivering lips.

"Stay until your money is gone," whispered Ned, giving her a final squeeze, "and telegraph for more if you need it." The train whistled again; the wheels creaked in that pleasant suggestion of motion, and Olive Campbell breathed deeply of the cinder laden air. The four people on the platform waved vehemently. Olive, leaning from the window called frantically, "Ned, O Ned, be sure to give Helen lime water twice a week!" A last glimpse of blurred hands and she was off; a door-mat no longer!

"My gracious Olive," commented Aunt Henrietta, "You're some thin. Sleeping with you will be like having the berth to myself. And only half the price too. If nobody takes the upper, we can have the section to ourselves—good as a state room. I'll be glad when they call dinner!" She rambled on, expecting no answer. She hoped they could remove the cinder screen at night; hoped the porter was good natured; hoped no cross baby came to their car. She recalled her honeymoon to Niagara with New York reserved for a later trip.

"But we never got there," she mused, "Henry died so sudden like. And when the war came and my boy went to France, I wanted to go with him as far as New York, but they didn't want mothers along. Now he's in South America, and maybe you and I can run over to France and see them battlefields where he fought."

Olive heard the droning, patient voice, but did not register the thought. "Click—click—click—free—free—*free!*" was the song she gathered from the car wheels. Over the flat cornfields of Nebraska, with the drab, unlovely houses, into Oma-

ha; the roily waters of the Missouri, through pleasant, undulating farms of Iowa; through Illinois and Ohio, replete with Civil War monuments; glimpses of Lake Michigan and Lake Erie; through the steel and coal districts of Pennsylvania, and then on to the goal of her dreams, *New York!*

Its waterfront sky line; its conglomerate races; its extremes of rich and poor were revelations to this woman of the free, democratic west. The nights were too long, the days too short to satisfy her avid eagerness. From Washington Square to Grant's tomb, atop the Fifth Avenue busses was a daily ride; the smart little shops were a morning delight. Brooklyn Bridge, now condemned to autos, represented a pioneering feat in engineering; her alert mind tried to figure how the price of President Grant's elaborate tomb would improve conditions for the ragged, neglected children of the Bowery. The over-old, scheming faces of the tenement children, the searching, restless eyes of the street venders, the struggle for existence, the inexorable law that each member of a household contribute to its upkeep, regardless of age or youth, all were revelations of astonishment to Olive, who had never known want. The Bowery, with its teeming humanity; Central Park, with its idle, surfeited rich. Tiffany's, with exclusiveness stamped on the faces of its liveried doormen; the five and ten cent stores with their jostling crowds. The Metropolitan Art Institute with its treasures of art, and certain proof of the color of the Bonheur horses. The Hall of Fame, whose first requirement for recognition was death ten years previous. The towering buildings which made Wall Street a veritable canyon; the church where George Washington had worshipped; the Little-Church-Around-the Corner; the Statue of Liberty; the Aquarium; the old tombstones around Trinity Church; the Grand Central, all fed her insatiable desire to crowd knowledge into a brief space of time. At first Aunt Henrietta, perspiring and red of face, followed docily. Then she gently complained of blistered feet, of unsatisfactory food, of bodily weariness. But Olive surged on. She ate of necessity, begrudging the wasted time. She slept only to start afresh another day. From subways to the elevated, from Battery to the north of the island, she hurried, listened and looked. She watched customs inspectors; saw ships dump their immigrants at Ellis Island; penetrated to the second basements of the department stores, and learned to a certainty that the Statue of Liberty's mouth was three feet wide and her index finger eight feet long.

"That Hall of Fame is a queer place," complained Aunt Henrietta. "You have to be dead ten years before they'll hang your picture—"

"Tablet, Aunt," contradicted Olive. "A bronze tablet with your name."

"Well, *tablet* then. What's that, when you're dead? I'd rather have a square meal and a cool bed and some quiet, and clean air to breathe."

"Think of the honor—"

"Think of the comfort," expostulated Aunt Henrietta, slipping off her shoes. "My feet are blistered so badly I don't care who painted "The Noble Slav," or whether the tomb of Perneb is genuine or not. Let's get some steamship folders and plan a run over to France. We could rest a whole week on the boat."

"We're going back to the Statue of Liberty in the morning," explained Olive. "I really forgot to

make a notation of the size of the eye. I promised Harold."

Aunt Henrietta raised her swollen feet to the bed and looked her severest. "Olive Campbell," she retorted, "you can wear yourself out chasing this town into a condensed encyclopedia, but you leave me out. That elevator was broken three days ago, and I won't climb to the top of that brass woman again. Her eyes are big enough to look through and that's enough. I'm going to get ship circulars and rest while I read them. I'd just as soon run over to the battlefields of France. Henry fought at Ypres and the Argonne. I want to see that old French peasant woman who was so good to him when he was wounded."

"I haven't seen Cleopatra's Needle yet, nor the Bronx Park, nor taken the boat trip around the island," Olive consulted her guide book while Aunt Henrietta rubbed witch hazel on her protesting feet. "We have to reserve one night for Grand Opera. And I have to go back to St. Paul's Church again. I can't remember the color of the kneeling cushions in Washington's pew."

"Too bad they tore down the Hippodrome," mused Aunt Henrietta. "Henry said it was wonderful. They had a lake on the stage, and five balconies. He said the building trembled when the audiences sang."

"Another day on the bus, the Woolworth Tower and a day at Governor's Island. There's the Museum of Natural History, and I still have all my shopping. O dear Aunt Henrietta, hurry up with your feet. Soak them in good hot water and use lots of powder. We simply can't waste time being sick in New York. I'll get the mail and you be ready when I return."

The "C" lines of the General Delivery post office was long, and Olive fretted inwardly over the delay. A woman stood behind her carrying a child near Helen's age. A persistent, choky lump rose in her throat as the baby pounded her shoulder and demanded attention. The forced leisure gave her time to think of home. Was Cousin Blanche really patient, did that boy in Ken's room have contagion? Perhaps Helen would cut molars? Was it cold out home? Ardea might drop the flatiron, or worse still, leave it on and burn up the house. Perhaps Cousin Blanche's boasted grape jelly wouldn't jell—perhaps—perhaps—

"Name," reminded the brisk tones of the postal clerk, and Olive's hand clutched over a bulky letter from home.

From Ned's optimistic account the family was doing better without her vigilant care. Everyone was well; kiddies in school, Helen eating and sleeping fine. "Everything Jake," concluded Ned slangily and a trifle too optimistic; but he failed to mention Cousin Blanche.

"She's just a door mat like I was," thought Olive, and opened Ken's letter—a literary masterpiece of ink on newsprint. "I got "A" in arithmetic but "C" in personal hygiene," he admitted honestly. "Seems like I can't get my ears clean. How about that horse? I "hope you measured that Goddess," he persisted. "I hope you have lots of pie to eat. I like pie. Cousin Blanche did not make pie." At the last came an outline of baby Helen's hand, plump and chubby with the little finger blurred where she had wiggled. Dim eyed but smiling, Olive hurried out. Poor old Aunt Henrietta. Olive felt a sudden compassion for this older, lonely woman, trying to get solace from visiting the places where her son had gone before. No letter for her from the far distant Henry. No baby await-

ing her at home. Only sore feet and memories.

Hurrying along Broadway, clutching her letter, planning the next day's visits, Olive came to a news stand. Nothing extraordinary about news stands. But this one displayed a large sign which read:

"If your home town publishes a newspaper, we have it."

A sudden wave of home sickness swept over Olive, who had desired to be free. More than grand opera or seeing Cleopatra's Needle, she wanted news from home. She didn't care a particle about the color of St. Paul's cushions nor the dimensions of the Goddess of Liberty. She wanted news from Nyton. She wanted to know if there had been a frost; who won the prizes at the local fair; if an epidemic had broken out in the schools, and the price of butter in Forrester's market. Paying several times its original price, unmindful that the date was five days past, Olive tucked this additional treasure under her arm and hurried on to Aunt Henrietta.

"I've a home letter and a home *paper,*" and shrank from the look of hope that had lighted the old eyes. Why didn't Henry write to his aged Mother? "Hurry with your feet, Auntie, and I'll read to you while you get ready. We're doing grand opera tonight if I can get the tickets.

Aunt Henrietta's feet reposed in a huge basin of hot water, while various packages of cures stood on a nearby chair. The bed was littered with the alluring, picturesque folders of steamship companies.

"I've got boric acid, epsom salts and witch hazel, and I put 'em all in together. I ought to get results. Smells so, anyway. I don't know whether to go to France by way of London and cross the channel, or to order our passage straight to Bordeaux. I'd like to see the Tower of London. A long time ago they smothered two little princes there with a feather bed."

"They're putting the whole town on water meters, "from the depth of the paper Olive issued terse items of interest. Cousin Blanche's grape jelly only got second prize."

"I'd like to see Monte Carlo," mused Aunt Henrietta. "They have what they call "Suicidal Gardens" there. For the benefit of people who lose all they had and want to die."

"There's been a hoar frost. It caught the late tomatoes. I hope Ned remembered to cover the chrysanthemums."

Aunt Henrietta added more powders and reached for more folders. "We could go by way of Scotland for sixty dollars extra. I'd sort of like to see the home of Bobby Burns."

Suddenly Olive gasped and uttered a little cry—sharp, indrawn, like one of pain.

"There's diphtheria in Nyton! The sanitary office fears an epidemic. They might close the schools. I knew I had no business to come! That boy in Ken's room had a fever when I left. Do you know what diphtheria is? Do you know what it does? It makes a white membrane on the palate and chokes innocent, helpless children to death!" Olive stood before Aunt Henrietta accusingly, her thin, nervous body in sharp contrast to the older woman's ample proportions. "You can go to Monte Carlo, or the battlefields of France, all you please. I'm going home!"

"Now, now then; Ned would wire if there was any trouble," began Aunt Henrietta soothingly. "I can't go anywhere except on a boat to rest!"

"They're sick, I tell you!" cried Olive, almost hysterical. "Ken al-

ways catches everything. He brought home measles, mumps, and chicken pox and whooping cough, and now this terrible malady. I'm going home on the first and fastest train I can catch!"

She rushed to the phone, learned train departures, ordered a berth, called the clerk to get her a taxi, and to send her bill. With a haste and precision that made Aunt Henrietta gasp in astonishment she packed her accumulated wardrobe and gifts into the bags that had fortunately come light.

"Now Olive, we have to go to France. It will cost so little," began Aunt Henrietta feebly. "You'll never have another such chance. I can't go home with you right now. My feet—"

"Stay as long as you like," Olive spoke in sweet, icy tones. "If we were on the boat I'd swim back. Goodbye, Auntie. I hope your feet get better. I'm due at the Grand Central in fifteen minutes!"

"Click-click-click — diph-th-eria! Click-click-click—white membrane!" Olive's distorted brain beat a rhythm to the car wheels. She did not try to see Lake Michigan. The rolling hills of Iowa seemed endless; the flats of Nebraska seemed to mock her with dismal fields of frozen cornstalks. She did not feel the spirit of the wide, open spaces of Wyoming. She was oblivious to the clear, cool air of the mountains. In silent necessity she ate the food set before her. While she looked at her fellow passengers, she did not really see them. Beyond them she saw four fevered, restless children, with Ned distractedly dividing his time between them. One kind old lady whispered, "She must have a loved one back in the baggage car, she looks so sad."

When the train finally reached Nyton at six in the morning Olive rushed out, as if expecting to battle her way to a taxi. How quiet and still the town seemed. How wide and deserted the streets. No elevated trains, no traffic jams, no sharp whistles, no hurrying crowds made of tense, impersonal faces. Only old Asa Keyes with his green taxi, waiting for a chance salesman.

"Well, Mis' Campbell! If we ain't surprised! Ned wasn't expecting you so soon. Saw him last night in the drugstore. How's New York? You'll be puttin' on airs now, I reckon. Sure, I'll take you home. You can cook their breakfast if you ain't too high toned!"

"How are all the people?" Olive did hope her voice was not overanxious. What had taken Ned to the drug store? *Anti-toxin?*

"Everybody in this town is one hundred per cent well," boasted Asa, assuming the prepared speech he used on tourists. "No sickness. Fine air. Perfect water. Happy children; contented parents. Clean natural milk—"

"No epidemics?" Olive fancied there was a quiver in her voice.

Asa laughed comfortably and refused to pull out for a honking milk truck. "There's a new kid on *The Chronicle,* and he tried to make a hit, telling about diphtheria out among them migratory Italians that pick tomatoes. One of their children's throats got all swelled over, and folks thought it was diphtheria. Proved to be a piece of toothpick that stuck in his tonsil. No you don't pay me, Mis' Campbell. I'll drop in some night and hear 'bout New York."

Olive felt faint with relief. No choking, terrible malady to blot out the lives of her beloved.

Seven o'clock. They would just be getting up. How dear the home seemed. A lawn for the children, a luxury unknown to most New York

children. A back field, where the boys could play football in safety. No constant, nervewracking noises; clean, unpolluted air. Burlap sacks proclaimed that Ned had looked after the chrysanthemums. On the porch were the four bottles of milk, but a terse note told a story:

"If you don't have bottles out tomorrow you don't get no milk."

Olive tiptoed in through the unlatched door. The living room held a faint, odorous smoke. The dining table held a litter of withered flowers, books, newspapers, a half emptied bottle of milk, the baby's doll and the beloved football in a state of collapse. From the kitchen came the sound of voices and confused haste and the mother, who had felt herself abused, looked in upon a scene that remained in her memory forever.

Ned was frying pancakes, and even the batter that dripped from the pan and onto his clothes, looked greasy. Baby Helen, her bare feet extended to the fire, was devouring a huge wedge of the undercooked dough. The sink was so overcrowded with unwashed dishes that a dishpan held the overflow. The table did not even boast a cloth. The boys were clad in black satine shirts and striped overalls—institutional garb. Where were their neat trousers which had filled her with pride, and their white blouses? Ardea was packing her lunch—bakery doughnuts and a hard apple—and rolling them in newspaper. No oiled paper. No neat paper bag. No little surprise of appetizing food—how many thousand germs could cling to one square inch of newsprint? They all looked older and more self-reliant, but woefully neglected and forlorn. Ardea was not wearing any serge dress which Cousin Blanche had promised to finish, and the baby's feet seemed to be bare because no shoes were visible. Ned looked like a door mat that had been in use for a century.

Baby Helen saw her mother and screamed in fright. It hurt Olive like a sharp knife to have her baby shrink away from her. Then with one concerted cry, they were upon her. The look of baffled worry left Ned's face—Ardea abandoned her doughnuts and apple, and they rolled under the table. Harold dropped the milk bottle, from which he had been drinking in lieu of a glass, and Ken tipped over his chair. Ned poured all the remaining batter into the griddle from where it overflowed and burned to a crisp, unheeded. They took her hat and gloves and purse; they all talked at once; they asked questions and more questions, without waiting for replies. From the security of her father's shoulder Baby Helen peeked cautiously at this new stranger.

"Ken are you *sure* your throat is not sore?" "Mama was that horse really white?" "Where is Cousin Blanche?" "Has that Goddess got four foot ears?" "Ned, why are you wearing one tan sock and one blue one?" Mama, do Tiffany's have their name on their windows?" "Papa can't cook anything but pancakes, so we have ice cream twice a day!" "We don't bother to wash clothes—when they get dirty we buy new ones." "Cousin Blanche went home because we forgot to say 'Yes Mam,' and cause we didn't like onions."

Suddenly Olive understood what it means to be a mother. Needed. Necessary for their very life. Essential for their health. She had only been gone seventeen days and already the home and their clothes and their food looked like they had been motherless for a small eternity.

"Cousin Blanche said our modern method of rearing children was just

too disrespectful for words," grinned Ned, "so I've played double parent ever since."

"And you've been alone? Who washed and ironed and cooked and sewed?" Even as she spoke she realized that these questions answered themselves. There had been no washing, no ironing, no cooking, and no sewing. Not even socks had been darned, as Ned's exposed heels plainly indicated.

"If you had wired I'd have come instantly. I read in *The Chronicle* that there was an epidemic of diphtheria so I came."

"That fool reporter," grinned Ned. "Guess I'll have to treat him for getting you home. I know what it means to be a door mat myself. Gosh, but growing kiddies sure can eat!"

Olive felt a surging thrill of necessity pass over her. Here was her place. She wanted to clean that sink more than to motor through the new Hudson Tube. It would be more pleasure to feed cereal to Helen than to study the sculpture of Rodin in the art gallery.

For two days she worked at top speed. The refrigerator held samples of every dish they had eaten until its doors refused to close. Dabs of butter were making friends with the remnants of Cousin Blanche's onions. Milk bottles had overflowed until a granite tub on the porch held a small dairy. The clothes hamper was invisible. Pancakes and ice cream. How had they lived! Ken's ears plainly showed that he deserved his grade in personal hygiene. The overalls had been provided to conceal the entire absence of knees in their hose. Small dabs of the prize jelly still clung to the kitchen floor. What a privilege to have a family to work for. How glorious to live in the free, kindly west and own your own home and have a constant sense of security and peace.

On the second day Ned came home smiling like a boy.

"Guess I'll build that gas station after all. They've offered ninety dollars a month rent now. They sure want a corner location. So you see your going increased the rental considerably. It was a good thing I waited. Gosh, it seems good to have you home." He glanced apprehensively toward the sink and a little pucker cleared from his brow at its shiny emptiness. "I could buy new clothes and ice cream, but somehow, I never seemed to get ahead on the dishes. That soup smells good."

"Vegetable soup, spinach and baked apples!" chanted Olive happily. "And while we eat I'll show Ken the picture of the 'Horse Fair' in colors and I have one of the Goddess for Harold. But the whole of New York, from the Hall of Fame to the Battery and from the Hudson Tube to Brooklyn isn't worth one square inch of Nyton!"

With much screeching of brakes Asa Keyes stopped his green taxi at the front gate. He climbed down and carefully helped a plump lady to the curb and followed her limping gait with her numerous bags.

"Why Aunt Henrietta, cried Olive in amazement. "I thought you had gone on to London and Scotland and France!"

"Ned," ordered Aunt Henrietta, "get me a chair and a basin of hot water. And Olive, if you'll open that smallest suit case, you can find my boric acid and witch hazel and epsom salts. It took me a day to pack, and a day to get a berth, and it'll take a month to get my feet well. Ned, she almost called your bluff about running over to France. For a while I thought she was really going to drag me over there!"

"It's not so bad, being a door mat," added Olive.

The Russian Religious Question

By Thomas L. Martin

REPORTS in many of the current newspapers and religious pamphlets, made by various people on the religious situation in Russia, indicate a wide diversity of opinion. Some comments are favorable to the Russian people, while many of them describe in great detail the awful condition which prevails there. One hears that the churches are destroyed, that priests are persecuted and often times slain, that religious services are forbidden, and that those who persist in their religious devotion find it very inconvenient to associate in one's own community as a penalty for that devotion.

Because the writer, fairly recently, has had a short first-hand acquaintance with the Soviet Republic, he ventures to add one more opinion to this much discussed question of religion in Russia.

It is well to realize that the Russian people have suffered considerably in the past. Many years ago Peter the Great made himself the head of the church. He was the master and with the power at his command, he exercised an authority such that no one dare disobey him, no matter how right nor how wrong he was in his activities, religious and otherwise. The royal court was steeped in corruption. The Czars who followed were not above suspicion, and slowly the system which developed under the Czaristic regime, carried its corruption into the nobility, and other classes, until political and social disintegration reached dangerous points.

The church was made subservient to the Czar. The church must obey the dictates of the Czars. It was a high virtue to obey. The burdens under which the Russian people have been called upon to labor were steadily increased and when the people sought the priest for help, they were not satisfied. They were told that it was sin to criticize the Czar. When tendencies to revolt appeared, the people were told that they would be doomed to eternal perdition because of such attitudes. The confessional was used to ferret out those who showed revolutionary tendencies. A revolt occurred in 1905, but it failed. During the years 1905-17 the priests called upon all good Christians never to take up arms against the government, because such actions were acts of Satan and the doers would be condemned to hell fire in a future life. A revolution occurred in 1917 and the warnings by the priests were repeated and intensified. Generals masqueraded as priests among the people. The church buildings and the priests were made the rallying centers for counter revolutionary movements. However, the revolutionists won out.

One would naturally expect that the revolutionary leaders after their victory would not be any too friendly to the orthodox church, which church had been its bitter enemy. The revolutionists were not friendly. For some time afterward the church and its influence was directed against the revolutionary party in power. A state of war was practically in existence. Would not the priests be treated as anti-revolutionists and be handled accordingly? One would expect this and this is

what actually happened. The priests who opposed them were treated mercilessly. This only happened, however, while the country was slowly adjusting itself to a peaceful footing. Afterwards religious tolerance did show itself in some degree.

Much of the above information is obtainable at the anti-religion museum at Moscow. In photograph, in manuscripts and in other material exhibits information is given to the visitor which indicated some of the religious and political experiences of the Russian people previous to and during the revolution. Of course that which favors anti-religious sentiment is emphasized in this museum, yet one feels that all has not been well in Russia religiously. The Greek Catholic Church was the predominating religious influence in Russia, one is told. The relations between the people and the church officials were not pleasant. A visitor is led to believe, as he talks with the men there, that really the great quarrel is with the Greek Catholic Church and not with religion. It is with the God they have grown to conceive during their many years of turmoil that they would eliminate and not the God the majority of us worship.

The unpleasant experiences of the Russians with the opposition tendencies of the orthodox church have contributed to the decision of the government and many of the people to throw over religion in its entirety. The environment has become a very fertile field for the Society of the Godless. The government authorities have not discouraged them, in their activities, in fact, they have rather encouraged them, if one is correctly informed. The governmental work, economic, social and otherwise, has been adjusted to the idea that religion is not even to be considered.

On the outside of Russia, conditions such as those mentioned give rise to certain types of ideas. Suppose one were to throw oneself into such a situation and imagine what one would do under the circumstances. With such a mental attitude one judges everything that comes out of Russia. Such judgments may be faulty. The writer sometimes wonders if the vast majority of the religious information about Russia which has been consumed by the public has not been tinged by such attitudes above mentioned. It was the writer's privilege one year ago to watch people attend church and also visit a number of church buildings in Leningrad. Nothing unusual seemed to be associated with church going. The writer attended church in Moscow. It was all a matter of course. No one seemed to notice anything unusual about attending church. Even a foreigner was not noticed. It was all in the day's program so far as the Russian passers-by were concerned. One could readily judge that church attendance was not associated with dire forebodings, as one would naturally imagine after reading the daily newspapers published outside of Russia.

On page 38 of the April number of the "Friend of Missions," a religious magazine published in England and distributed quite extensively among religious denominations in the United States, one reads the following:

"A communication in World Dominion quotes the Atheist of Moscow to the effect that in several Moscow schools the Communist teachers instruct the children to spy out and report on those visiting churches to pray. The children are to make daily reports. The same paper announces with satisfaction that the children have not even spared their

own parents and have also entered on their lists the names of little girls in their own schools. These young spies are rewarded with book prizes and receive official congratulations from the authorities." The authentic information available about Russia causes one to question the truthfulness of this account.

In the same magazine on page 39 one reads an article under the title "The Silver Lining." "The brighter side of the Russian religious situation is reported by the Rev. John Johnson who has recently returned from Russia. He tells us that he was present sixteen times at the meetings of Evangelical Christians in Leningrad and Moscow, himself preaching eight times. I have come to the conclusion that the Russian people have a great thirst for the Word of God and faith in Him. At one of the conferences in Leningrad the communion was celebrated, so large was the number of believers attending that a loaf of ten pounds and sixteen quarts of wine were used. At the East celebration in the Evangelical Church there were 1,700 present, although the hall seats but 700.

"While the street processions and meetings of the militant atheists in Moscow were small, ugly, and miserable, in the Church of the Savior, Moscow, on Easter Day fifteen thousand people gathered and some twenty-five clergy officiated at the services."

William Henry Chamberlain, a recent visitor and student of Russian affairs, writes in his book, "Soviet Russia," concerning the religious situation. He intimates that there is a lot of anti-religious propaganda in Russia but the whole religious situation is not as severe as is commonly understood. He says "After a fair amount of travel in Russian peasant districts I am convinced that the proposed and overwhelming devotion to Orthodoxy attributed to the Russian peasant by some pre-war investigators, was either greatly exaggerated or has diminished almost to the vanishing point since the Revolution. Although there is little anti-religious propaganda among the peasants, I did not find a single peasant priest who did not admit a falling off in church attendance, especially among the youth, and who did not regard the future very pessimistically. True, the old customs of church weddings, burials, and christenings persist, but more from habit than from any accompanying sense of deep religious conviction. I was in a Don Cossak village (the last place where one would find active sympathy and the communist ideas on religion or anything else) on a religious holiday and found most of the male population standing about on the village green and debating the division of the village hay, quite oblivious of the church bells which were calling them to service. It is a curious and yet psychologically, not incomprehensible fact, that in the cities where anti-religious propaganda is much more widespread, the churches, as a rule, seem to be better attended."

William Henry Chamberlain further states that there is a steady growth of sectarianism especially Baptists and Evangelical Christians. There are about a million registered members of sects. Counting families and sympathizers there are several millions in the habit of attending sectarian services. The members are allowed only to practice their religious cult in the churches. They cannot teach groups. These sectarian groups have 400 chapels of their own, 800 leased and 3,800 places of worship in private quarters.

Many of the churches are turned

into clubs, schools and other public buildings. Mr. Chamberlain states that during 1927 there were 17 churches, 34 monasteries, 14 synagogues and 9 mosques turned into other uses than for church services. This number was increased considerably during 1928. There has been a steady increase each year since. The closings are not supposed to occur only when local people express their will on the question. The Union of the Godless are trying to persuade all the people to close their churches. They show among the peasants that thunder and lightning and hail are not supernatural and mysterious phenomena. These members of the Godless Union cultivate their gardens and attempt to show that good crops come not by prayer, but by observing the rules of scientific agriculture.

The atheistic society is encouraged by the governmental agencies, but it is doubtful if that encouragement goes to the length that punishment is meted out to those who worship without breaking the laws of the land. The people do find trouble in their attempts to lease buildings. There is evidence that some religious members are disfranchised. There may be a justification and there may not be one. There are theological seminaries in Leningrad and Moscow, and there is some publishing of religious pamphlets.

It is really difficult for one to pass an opinion on this Russian question. The writer does so, however, realizing that one may stay there a few weeks, months or years, yet not know the Russian people. One must learn the language, one must know the Russian soul before one can talk with authority on this great question of Russia and the religious situation. On short acquaintance one feels that the Russian is kind and courteous. One also feels that the Russian will cling to the religious element of human life. One feels that the Society of the Godless, even though encouraged by the governmental powers, will never eliminate from the Russian his religious tendencies. When the stress of war and the revolution, and the strain that is manifest as a result of the desire on the part of the Russians to become self supporting has ceased, there will be less opposition from the outside world. Then one may see the Russian as he is, and it is not unlikely that one will find that he has clung, in spite of every other idea to the contrary, to the fundamentals of a religious life.

Historic Markers

By Dr. George W. Middleton

FROM the beginning of our government it was the manifest destiny of the United States to reach from ocean to ocean. The thirteen colonies which made up the original states, were but a fringe on the eastern seaboard, with an indefinite undefined western extension. But early in our game as a nation President Jefferson purchased Louisiana from France, and sent the Lewis and Clark expedition into the northwest to establish our right to that great unexplored domain watered by the Missouri flowing eastward, and the Columbia flowing westward. Incidentally, in the war settlement with Mexico, another big bloc came under our national domain, and we occupied all the territory from ocean to ocean. For the first half century of our national life, colonization had reached no farther west than the Mississippi River. The vast domain stretching from the Father of waters to the Pacific was known as the Wilderness, and eminent men in our government thought it was of no possible value.

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." A short time ago the Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association met at Provo to unveil a marker to commemorate the advent of Father Escalante, probably the first white man to visit the future territory of Utah; and recently we unveiled a marker at Logan which commemorates the advent of the trappers. Intense religious zeal brought Father Escalante, and his compatriots to the wilderness of the west; and the lure of wealth brought the trappers. Each of these were trail blazers for the civilization which was to follow after them, and fill the wilderness with pleasant homes and spacious palaces.

From the dawn of recorded history the center of gravity of civilization has been shifting toward the west. Oceans and continents have been its highways, and the centuries have been its stepping stones. Onward, forever onward it moves toward the setting sun.

It is a matter of mathematical demonstration, that the center of gravity of the United States will continue to shift westward. The European emigrant, out of a lifetime of frugality, accumulates enough money to bring himself over the ocean, and a measurable distance inland, and then he comes to the end of his tether when his money is all spent. Our eastern cities are thronged with foreigners, who have sought our shores in the hope of bettering their wordly condition. They have been recruited mostly from the peasant class of their respective countries. In the days of the great German Lloyd steamers I have stood in the docks of our eastern seaboard cities and seen these foreign peasants by the thousands disembark and disseminate themselves in various directions. If America has been slow in developing culture, it is in part due to the fact that she has had to absorb this great contingent of European peasantry, and incorporate them into her social system. They have diluted our American stock with foreign blood, and in many cases brought political ideas subversive of our American institutions. While they brought the numerical

strength that was needful to help develop our boundless domain, and have been for the most part industrious and honest, yet in our big eastern cities many of them have aggregated themselves together to foster European social ideals, and resist the reforms attempted by our government.

Two thousand miles of continent, added to two thousand miles of ocean is the barrier that will prevent this dilution of American stock with foreign blood in our western states. Our Asiatic exclusion act will prevent an invasion from the west. It is plain to be seen then that, in the decades forward the 100% American will be found in this part which was designated as the Wilderness. The ideals of America will flourish best among thoroughbred Americans. It is our destiny to be the beacon light upon the hilltop to hold up to the world's gaze the pure idealism of our great country.

Much of the history of the west is dramatic and colorful. It was the boldest and the most enterprising individuals that dared to undertake the trek over the Great Plains, and the mighty mountain barriers of the west in the face of so many hostile forces. Religious zeal, the dream of wealth, and the hope of dominion were the forces which impelled them onward, but back of that was God, marking with the shores of two oceans, the destiny in geographic outlines of our great country.

Our state of Utah was one of the most colorful of all the states in its pioneering history, and it is the purpose of the Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association to see that it is second to none in the union in permanent markers that shall tell this dramatic story to the generations forward, and to the strangers within our gate. When that generation, which shall represent the most characteristic stock of Americans, arrives on the scene to claim their birthright, we want them to know the story of their genesis with historic accuracy. Already this duty has been too long neglected. Twenty-five years ago, when many of the original pioneers were yet alive, the location of historic points would have been much easier. Fortunately for us many of the pioneers kept accurate diaries. In spite of their precarious life they were methodical enough to commit to writing their experiences. Their artistic penmanship is a marvel to this typewriter generation, which has neglected to cultivate the art of fine chirography. The diary of Escalante is a classic, and the story of the original Mormon pioneers from the pen of Wilford Woodruff reads like a fairy tale.

There are yet materials enough available to insure historic accuracy, and we aim at this above all things. We deem it no small privilege to be the instrumentality whereby the history of our state shall assume a tangible form, and be handed on to the ages forward. It is most gratifying to meet the responsive attitude of the citizens toward our efforts.

The Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association of Utah is a subsidiary of the National Oregon Trail Association. Since our Dr. Howard Driggs, a Utah product, has become the president of the National Association, its preview has expanded to the recognition of all historic trails of the west, and a concerted effort is being made to have them all properly marked. We of the Utah Association are concerned particularly with the problem of our own state, as that is our specific duty. The national organization permitted us to use the specially minted coin as a means of financing

ourselves. Patriotic citizens have sold these coins and placed the proceeds to our credit at the banks. A fund of many thousand dollars is thus made available for the purchase of the markers. The communities where these markers have been placed have given splendid cooperation. They have as a rule provided the base, and joined forces with us in the ceremony of unveiling the markers. School children in Provo and Logan have financed the local propositions by their contributions.

We are making our work non-denominational and non-partisan. We are attempting to place these markers in chronological order at the points designated by our history committee.

We wish to cooperate with all other agencies which have the same object in view. We believe in the validity of that scripture which says that they which are not against us are for us. We invite all good citizens to join in this commendable work to the end that our state shall be second to none other in the union in its historic markers.

Fidelity

You do not need me now, dear,
For the skies are sunny and blue,
And a smiling path leads all the way
To the land where your dreams come true.

But when the clouds hang low, dear,
And your hopes in ashes lie;
When you long for the clasp of a kindred hand,
You will find me standing by.

—*Edith E. Anderson.*

Rubens.

LANDSCAPE WITH A SHEPHERD

The Light Within

A Simple Demonstration for Relief Society Workers

By Blanche Kendall McKey

Characters

President Alice Holmes.
Mrs. Nora Anderson, who speaks some foreign dialect.
Mrs. Mabel Raymond, an attractive, young-appearing woman.
Soloist and her accompanist.
Other ladies of the Relief Society.

The scene discloses all of the characters—excepting the soloist and her accompanist, who are at the piano or organ—arranged in a circle, seated as if in meeting, with President Holmes the central figure at the back. Where there is no stage, the ladies merely take their places when their number comes, seating themselves according to the size and shape of the platform.

The success of the playlet will depend largely upon the earnestness and spirituality of the actors. The president should be the dominating power, a forceful, spiritual leader. Mrs. Anderson should be any member of the Ward who speaks somewhat broken English, adapting the words given her to her own way of expressing herself.

Before the curtain is raised the soloist begins her song, "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." At the close she and her accompanist seat themselves in the circle, and the president, who carries a bouquet of flowers, rises.

President: I know that my Redeemer liveth. I cannot let you go back to your homes without saying that. I have a light within my heart which leaps like a flame when I hear those beautiful words—"I know that my Redeemer liveth." I wish to thank you again for these lovely flowers and for the dear thoughtfulness which prompted you to bring them. I am getting to be an old lady, but this has been one of the happiest birthdays that I have ever known because of your love and confidence, and because of that light within, which seems to burn brighter as the years pass on. I have learned so many things in the long watches of my life! For one thing, I have learned that that light, when heeded, shows people the right thing to do, gives them a sixth sense by which they can understand hidden things. A story was told to me today by one of our members which brought tears to my eyes as it bore out so beautifully this point. (Looks at her watch.) It is closing time. Is there any matter which anyone would like to bring up?

Mrs. Anderson: Madam President.

President: What is it, Nora?

Mrs. Anderson: I know about that light you speak of—it teaches me much. But there is something which I wish to ask—a "favor" you say—eh? But I do not wish to deny that inspiration. The first hymn that I learn in English is this: "Lead Kindly Light." I sing it in my own country with your missionaries. (Somewhat falteringly she begins a line of the song, then continues fearlessly, singing a verse or two. At the close the ladies express their pleasure and surprise.)

President: Why, Nora, I had no idea that you could sing so well.

Mrs. Anderson: But I did not ask—what you call a favor—to try to sing. But I was thinking of that light. Without denying it, may I go among the people of my block—see what they need, talk to them, but not try to teach the lessons? I feel too weak—

President: Weak, with a light like yours to give you strength?

Mrs. Anderson: I do not know your language—my words come wrong.

President: The spirit of God does not need a language; it has one of its own. When I was young, like you, and starting out in this work, I too was afraid, although we had no lesson to give. I knew that I was sent into the homes to bless the people, and I feared that I would not be able to discern what they actually stood in need of. I prayed to my father for help. With Job I implored: "That which I see not, teach thou me." Mabel, will you tell us all the story you told me today? (Mabel Raymond, who is sitting in the circle facing the audience, rises.)

Mrs. Raymond: I'm afraid I can't tell it very well. It is my mother's story. Mother came of a cultured, well-to-do family and married in her own class. She had a lovely home and was very happy. But she lost her first child, a beautiful boy, and she couldn't become reconciled. She could see no reason for his going, no justice in the Hand that took him. She was becoming bitter in her heart, and her home was losing its life, changing to a gloomy, unpleasant place. My father had greater faith than mother, but not knowing that it was a sense of injustice that was eating canker-like in her heart, he had been unable to comfort her. One day a Relief Society worker came into her home, all alone. It was, of course, years before we had the watchword "Peace be unto this house," but she brought it just the same. Peace came into that house, for the older woman saw what was wrong in mother's mind, and set it right. "Who is man that he can question God, or judge for himself what is best?" she asked. Simply she showed her that sometimes our great sorrows are our greatest blessings. The sister perceived what none of mother's loved ones had done, and spoke the words that drove out resentment. And the wise, humble, dear worker was our beloved President. (She takes her seat and President Holmes rises.)

President: Thank you, Mabel. And I thank God for that light within which gave me the right words to speak. Poverty is so easily discerned, but the cravings of the heart are hidden. And that is why we must give these lessons (picks up magazine), prepared by wiser heads than ours, that no hungry heart may go unfed. Will you try, Nora?

Mrs. Anderson: You know that I will try.

President: Thank you, my dear. God does not give us burdens that are too heavy to be borne. He will give us the light. Let us sing as our closing number, "Lo, I am with you, Oh be not afraid!" (They rise. The soloist sings the first part of the song, the others joining in as she continues, and the curtains close while they are still singing.)

Side Lights on the Book of Mormon

By John Henry Evans

IV

Joseph Smith's Intimate Knowledge of Bible Truths

IN those violent Kirtland days, when the Prophet was forced to flee the place before the hatred of apostates, a turbulent meeting was held in the temple there.

Speaker after speaker rose and assailed the character of the absent "Mormon" leader in the bitterest language. For the dissenters were in the saddle. The few present who still believed in the Prophet longed for some voice to defend him.

John Taylor obtained permission to speak.

Elder Taylor was a recent convert to the faith. He had only lately come from Toronto, Canada, where he was a local preacher in the Methodist church and where also he was one of a group of highly intelligent men who were looking for the true church.

Said the new comer to Kirtland: "Whence do we get our intelligence and knowledge of the laws, ordinances, and doctrines of the kingdom of God? Who understood even the first principles of the doctrines of Christ? Who in the Christian world taught them? If we, with our learning and intelligence, could not find out the first principles which was the case with myself and millions of others, how can we find out the mysteries of the kingdom? It was Joseph Smith, under the Almighty, who developed the first principles, and to him we must look for further instructions."

Here was one of the most intellectually alert, independent, and courageous spirits in the group of rather remarkable men who were attracted to "Mormonism" in its first years; and the thing, evidently, that stood out in his mind in connection with the faith was the Prophet's firm grasp of theological and religious truth. It was so in the case of the other men in the group of leaders to which John Taylor belonged. Indeed, this it is that set him apart in the minds of most of those who knew him and accepted his teachings.

Now, this grasp of theological ideas is one of the things that stand out in the author of the *Book of Mormon,* whoever he may be. It strikes the non-believer as well as the believer in the divine origin of the Nephite Record. Only, the non-believer is amazed at the extent and depth of the knowledge of the *Bible* revealed in whoever wrote the *Book of Mormon.* And when he understands that its author was a country boy without education, experience, or social standing, his amazement increases.

And so, in this article, we purpose to examine this aspect of the volume, so as to ascertain just what bearing this feature may have on the claims of Joseph Smith to having produced the *Book of Mormon* under divine inspiration.

MASTERY of our English Bible is an extremely difficult task. And when we say "mastery" we mean something more than a familiarity with its contents. We mean a getting of one's mind around its fundamental truths, so as to ar-

rive at not only the significance but also the relation of them to one another and to the great scheme of human redemption as revealed in the Christian theory.

There are many people, even today, who read the *Bible* consistently and persistently. We know, for instance, a woman who begins with "Genesis" and goes through to "Revelations" without skipping anything, just as Ruskin used to do under the guidance and compulsion of his mother, and who, on finishing this last book, turns again to the first one; and she has done this all her mature life. And we know a man who reads it from cover to cover once every year for its literary value alone, instead of its theological worth, like most people who read it.

These persons, and others who make a business of reading the Hebrew Scriptures, gradually acquire an acquaintance with that volume, so that they are able to tell you where anything is and to find it easily without the use of the *Ready Reference*. But they do not have a mastery of its contents in the sense for which we are contending here. That is, they do not have such a knowledge of its ideas with the background of persons and environment, as will enable them to get behind these into the very spirit and genius of things.

That, however, is exactly what the author of the *Book of Mormon* has done.

First of all, that author, whoever he was, exhibits a profound and extensive knowledge of the principles that underlie the religious life of the people of whom the Bible tells us.

The fundamental religious ideas in the *Book of Mormon* are of a piece with those which we find in the Hebrew Scriptures. Only, in the *Book of Mormon,* as everybody knows who has read that work sympathetically, these ideas are much clearer than they are in the *Bible*.

Take, for example, the doctrine of baptism. In the *New Testament* it has apparently been difficult to determine the mode of this ordinance so there shall be no question concerning it. This is evident from the fact that many sincere Christians believe in baptism by immersion, others by sprinkling, and still others by pouring water on the head of the candidate for church membership. The same thing is true of the question as to whether the ordinance should be administered to infants as well as to adults. A very large number of Christian churches thus baptize babies, while others insist that the rite may be properly administered only to people who are capable of belief and repentance.

In the *Book of Mormon,* however, the form of baptism is clear beyond dispute. Says Jesus to the Nephites:

"Whoso repenteth of his sins through your words and desireth to be baptized in my name, on this wise shall ye baptize them—Ye shall go down and stand in the water. And these are the words which ye shall say, calling them by name: 'Having authority given me of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Then shall ye immerse them in the water, and come forth again out of the water."

This is so plain that, in the words of an ancient prophet, a wayfaring man through a fool need not err therein. It is difficult to understand how one would go about to get any other meaning out of the words than what they bear on their face. To be sure, the thing may at one

time have been as clear as this in the New Testament and have been juggled with by men who had a purpose to serve.

Of course, it has been claimed by critics of the *Book of Mormon* and Joseph Smith that the author of the work, who was the unaided and uninspired boy in Palmyra according to them, was merely struggling with a current question in his locality and time; he was merely setting right the churches of his day. For baptism was much discussed in the neighborhood where Joseph Smith lived.

But how does it come about that a country boy without education and experience has so firm a grasp on the subject? That has never been explained by the critics. Nor is it attempted. There has almost never been a time in Christian history when the subject of baptism was not warmly talked about and debated. It was not by any means a topic peculiar to the conversation of those who lived in Palmyra. But Joseph aspires to settle a question that has agitated the minds of theological scholars for hundreds of years. And he does clarify the situation remarkably, even though his pronouncements are not generally accepted by Christians. Just how does it happen that this farm-boy knows so much about a controverted subject like baptism?

This is only an illustration of what the author of the *Book of Mormon* has done by way of clearing up disputed points in the *Bible*. He has done exactly the same thing with the subject of God, the personality and godhood of Christ, the pre-earth life of man, the intermediate state between death and the resurrection, the resurrection itself, the nature of man, the purpose of life, the immortality of the soul, and many other subjects of controversy in Christian theology.

These topics are all mentioned in the *New Testament,* and some of them are discussed there, especially by the Apostle Paul. But the explanations of them are always brief and often so vague that even Christian scholars are not of the same mind as to the meaning of them. The young seer of our times, however, in the *Book of Mormon,* has not only enlarged upon them, but made them so clear that the layman can readily comprehend them.

An example of this may be found in the doctrine of the pre-earth life of man. An existence before this mortal life is declared, although not with the greatest clarity, of Jesus Christ in the *New Testament.* Only the vaguest hints, however, are given there of a pre-earth life for man—so obscure, in fact, that even the poet Wordsworth dared not advance it as a teaching of the gospel, although he seems to have grasped the idea. But Joseph Smith, in the Nephite Record, develops the idea with reference to man with a boldness and clearness that are startling.

This sort of elaboration is closely akin to original thinking. Certainly it evinces a vigorous understanding in whoever accomplishes the feat. And this kind of thing is done over and over again in the *Book of Mormon.*

But the author of the Nephite Record has done more than that. He has entered into the very spirit of the Hebrew life and thought.

The warp and woof of Nephite life and civilization is Hebrew, the sort of thing we find the *Bible* saturated with. The Lehites came originally from Jerusalem, as did also the Mulekites—two peoples who ultimately united into one nation. Their roots were therefore deep in the soil of Palestine. They had the

same grand traditions, the same outlook upon life, the same everything. Only their environment in the New World was different from that of their ancestors.

Now, the author of the *Book of Mormon,* to all intents and purposes, becomes one of its personalities. Not merely in the larger and more obvious features does he show this—the ideas, the customs, the general civilization, this would not be very difficult necessarily, but he does so in the smaller particulars — the modes of thought, for instance. He sets down what one would naturally expect men to think and say and do, who had the moral and spiritual background that the Nephites are supposed to have. But he sets these down in about the way they would be expected to do under the circumstances. We have reference primarily to the concrete, imaginative manner so common to the Jewish mind.

The Greek mind, as a rule, thought in generalities. That was characteristic of their mental operations. The Hebrew mind, on the contrary, thought in images, in concrete things. "The Lord is my shepherd," says the Psalmist, "I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters." No Greek would have said it thus. He would probably have been content with something like this: God takes care of his children.

Much of this concreteness of thought and expression is in the *Book of Mormon,* just as you would have expected on the assumption that it is a translation of an ancient document about an Israelitish people. "Butter and honey shall he eat," says Nephi of the then unborn Jesus, "that he may know to refuse the evil and to choose the good." This is about as one of Hebrew origin and education would have put it.

Not, of course, that the *Book of Mormon* has no generalizing in it. That would be asking too much. In the *Bible* are generalizations also. But the characteristic of the Nephite mind, as of the Hebrew mind, was its tendency to think in images rather than in ideas and abstractions, like the Greek intellect. This feature of the Nephite Record has not been enough studied.

The author of the *Book of Mormon,* then, has made a notable achievement in a literary way. For he has succeeded in placing himself in the very shoes of his characters, in creating an atmosphere of verisimilitude, as the literary critic would say, that is very striking. Of course, this does not appear so patently to one who is looking for flaws in the book. Nevertheless, it is there, and he who runs may read.

That this sort of thing is extremely difficult, is well known to the literary fraternity. It is vastly more difficult to one who is unschooled than to the educated.

Great credit is claimed for Lew Wallace, the author of *Ben Hur,* because the details and characters in that book are true to the life of the people and the period it tells about, whereas Wallace had not at the time he wrote the story ever set his foot in Palestine. But Lew Wallace was, first of all, an educated man; then, he had access to all sorts of books on the subject; and, finally, he had had much experience of life and books when he produced the story of the Christ.

Joseph Smith, on the contrary, was but a youth at the time the *Book of Mormon* was published. He had had no training of the mind and no experience of life, to speak of. Moreover, he was but a back-

woods boy, whose thoughts and deeds did not transcend the barren environment in which he had been reared. It is doubtful whether he had ever read a book through in his life up to this time, let alone a book on Palestine and the Jews. True, he had read the *Bible* in parts. But one can read that book very studiously without getting from its pages the ability to do what is done in the *Book of Mormon.* And the "Mormon" prophet was too young and too inexperienced then to have given the *Bible* much deep study. Besides, all the evidence points to the fact that Joseph was a thinker rather than a reader.

So, then, he who believes that the *Book of Mormon* is a product of an uninspired country boy, taxes his credulity to the breaking point. It is far easier to believe that that work is an inspired translation of an ancient document—as the Prophet says it is.

High Noon on the Escalante

By Harrison R. Merrill

Sunshine—
A deluge of blinding light
Poured down from polished skies;
Cliffs—
Rose-hued sky-scrapers with solid walls
Rising from a winding water-way;
Cottonwoods—
Tremulous canopies,
Magnificent in fresh May-green
Above warm sands of a siren shore;
Shadows—
Tender, cool, alluring—
Lavender and purple shot through
With emerald;
Winds—
Cool—capering on cliffs,
Careening through caves and caverns!

Shade,
Sunshine,
Sheer indolence—
Time?—Eternity
Creeping past on snail feet,
At high noon On the Escalante.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

AN April day! Hearts must rejoice when all nature exults in its sacred silent awakening.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, chief of the Federal Women's Bureau, advocates shorter hours and better pay for women. She claims that wages have been reduced more than the cost of living; and figures prove that nearly one-tenth of the women in gainful occupations now unemployed are heads of families.

MRS. KATE E. HARBECK, a widow, living modestly in a secluded place, recently bequeathed $6,000,000 to charities in New York City. None of these charities had ever heard of their benefactress.

MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN recently received the appointment of Governor of the Utah province of Pi Gamma Mu, national social science honor society. The honor is in recognition of her accomplishments in the field of social work in the west, over a number of years. Mrs. Lyman is the first to receive that honor in Utah.

MRS. ALICE F. DOKE of Ephraim, Utah, has been named vice president of the Penn Mutual Leaders' Club for the western zone of United States. This honor came for successful and diligent service.

STONES," a drama by Mary E. Hatch of Utah, is to be included in Prof. Koch's book, "American Folk Plays."

FANNY FERN ANDREWS' book, "The Holy Land Under Mandate," is a comprehensive and impartial review of the whole case in the Far East.

SCRIBNERS narrative contest awarded the three first prizes to women writers.

THE SIVER BELL," a new book by Ethel M. Dell, an English author, is said to be a most fascinating story.

EDNA FERBER has not adopted her own philosophy that everybody should marry. Perhaps she is too busy writing experiences of her brain children to know the fulness of life.

MISS ETHEL McDOWELL presides over Chicago's family court, whose important function is to adjust difficulties without divorce.

MINNIE MADDERN FISKE, America's greatest actress, closed her stage career only with death's transition. From the age of three, she held front place in the legitimate drama through periods of successes of her contemporaries. Producer Tyler paid her this fine tribute: "For forty years she held the position of the first American actress. She had no poses, no vanities. Perhaps not in several generations will the theatre have a figure of her stature."

MADAM JOHANNA GADSKI, who died from the effects of an automobile accident in Berlin, was especially noted for her work in Wagnerian operas and was considered the most celebrated "Bruenhilda" of the operatic stage.

THE Hawaiian women mourn the death of their former princess, Elizabeth Kalanianaole, who with her wealth and culture helped them maintain some of their island traditions.

What Mankind Gains from the Investigation of Nature

With a Friendly Comment Upon the Study of Man

By J. H. Paul

IT is man, it is mind, it is the intelligent human spirits, as contrasted with the dim mentality of the animal world, that gives to the material universe all its worth and all its glory. Forgetfulness of this fact has misled many an observer into a sort of blind adoration of the lower species, as if the creatures without souls, or minds in the human sense, were in some way superior to the minds that perceive, classify, and make use of the lower realms of reality. Nevertheless, I do not hold that it is more to the purpose of mankind to consider what man does than what nature is doing. Though "the proper study of mankind is man," we do not engage in something inferior if we study the laws and teachings of nature, and it is doubtful that we do better to study the laws, the teachings, and the histories of men.

In the serious and worthy study of man—his motives, his character—the most remote times were probably as proficient as we are today. We have no finer stories than the story of Joseph, told at the dawn of civilization; no nobler characters than Moses, Abraham, Plato, Socrates; no more brutal and blood-thirsty tyrants than those of Babylon and Nineveh; no deeds of men more heroic than those recorded by Homer; no men more patriotic than Cincinnatus; no sculptors, painters, dramatists, excelling the Greeks. The study of man is so inviting that it early reached an excellence that has remained unsurpassed.

But in the study of nature, the exciting lures that urge forward the study of man are lacking. The cool and laborious atmosphere of science is not particularly inviting; it requires actual heroism, mental resolution, and unusual courage to turn aside from the beaten paths into the realms and mysteries of nature. At certain times, and to certain persons, the discovery of truth is fascinating in its way; but, with most natures, it cannot compete with the excitement of the dance, the delights of love, the charms of gay society, the allurements of the feast, the terrors of warfare, the joys of building a home.

The world of gaiety, of temptation, of pleasure, is always enticing; but whether or not two triangles are equal to each other, whether the tree is a spruce or a fir, the bird a finch or a thrush, the comet a gas or a solid, the fuel a wood, a coal, or a hydrocarbon—these things do not possess much appeal. Whatever, therefore, can be done to increase that appeal should be undertaken.

We should never discourage the pursuit of truth. If by any means we can turn the longing and the hope of one in a thousand from commonplace activities, in which at best we shall barely equal what has been done by millions of people before our day, to the realm of nature, then, it seems clear, we shall have

made a mighty gain in civilization; for whatever is investigated here may turn out to be the means of uplifting the race.

Admitting, therefore, that the study of man will always have its votaries by the countless millions, while the followers of science are so few that they seem to be curiosities in comparison—like the few who "enter in at the strait gate" as compared with the many there be that go in at the broad way—it does not follow that the "few" are pursuing what is of less, but what seems to me to be of more, consequence to mankind than that which is sought after by the great bulk of the people.

The reported rapture of the few at the discovery of the laws and ways of nature may seem to be overdrawn. When Kepler learned that the planets in their revolution obey the laws of mind—the formulae of mechanics—he exclaimed in deepest reverence: "O God, I read thy thoughts after thee;" and when he was informed that the authorities had destroyed his book, he answered: "My book can well wait 600 years, if need be, for a reader; for God has waited 6,000 years for an observer." Newton felt the same; so did Galileo, Leverrier, and Adams. The thrill that one feels upon the discovery of truth may seem to express itself beyond reason, but it is sincere, genuine, and justifiable.

Moreover, the treatment of human emotions gains greater beauty and rises far above the commonplace when the poet is also, as is usually the case, an observer and lover of nature; as when Tennyson says:

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate;
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near!"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

The advantages of city living are due to the discoveries of science, for before the day of sustained scientific investigation, the human hives called cities were worse than the burrows of animals or the nests of birds. In those centuries, the black plague, the cholera, the smallpox, took fearful toll of human life. It is science that has placed man on a tower of safety.

But for vaccination, we should all have our faces pock-marked today as did people formerly; and though there was only one Harvey, one Jenner; only one Pasteur, one Einstein, one Gilbert White, one Audubon—yet each has lifted man to higher levels in the realm of clean living and high thinking.

Small need is there to commend the study of man—a subject fascinating to all people. The daily press is filled with it—a fact that has led certain religious orders to decry the reading of the daily papers because of the scandalous nature of much of their content. This is an unwarranted attitude, no doubt, yet it is based upon the perception that the ways of man are disheartening and that they had better not be too long or too minutely contemplated. Nature, on the other hand, always lifts its worshippers to higher levels. Rosseau was so much impressed with the lowering tendency of the study of the ways of men as contrasted with the uplifting tendency from investigating the laws of nature that he thought the youth

should be kept out of human society and trained in nature until of an age to avoid contamination from the foibles of mankind. Moore declined to write a history of the poets lest he should be accused of trying to present a complete picture of human misery.

Not only is the study of man fascinating, it is closely related to the art of "getting on" in the world. Every successful rogue, every financial wizard, must be well versed in it. "Select your victim, use psychology on him, and you will get his order for your wares." The study of men led Barnum, Jay Gould, and others like them to "success" in the cheap American sense. The study of man has ever been the winning card of swindlers, of cheap politicians, of deceivers of all sorts.

We like to witness dramas, tragedies, comedies; to read good stories, to attend exciting movies, to be present at public celebrations, parades, and other noisy exhibits of mob psychology, from which the wise and cultured quite commonly shrink.

There is, in short, no need of unusual inducements for man to study and observe the ways of man. It pays to do so. It is fun, excitement, exhilaration. The chief difficulty one who would make anything of himself as a scientist, artist, scholar, experiences, is to keep away from most of the social functions. The endless chatter, the formal talks of "the mayor" and other officials at public affairs, the blare of the six brass bands when even the village celebrates "the glorious fourth" or the strawberry festival—all this the real student frowns upon or laughs at as the sport of children and barbarians.

Plowing

By Theron Luke

THE man behind the plow has long been used as a symbol of agriculture and of the soil. Always he is pictured as walking behind a hand plow that is drawn by a single team of horses. Few people, outside of the farming profession itself, know that the walking hand plow has become almost extinct in modernized agriculture. Nowadays, the farmer is seated on a modern riding, two way, three or four horse plow, and while this latter method may not be quite so picturesque as the former, it is decidedly more efficient.

It is not an absolutely quiet work. In fact to some, it perhaps seems extremely noisy. The clink and ring as the steel stay chains hit against the iron single trees, predominate among the many and varied noises. The squeak and crack of the harness leather, as the horses strain and tug against it, can be plainly heard, and through this, indistinct yet clear if one listens for it, the puffing of the horses themselves. Overhead, the high shrill calls of the seagulls come to the ear; that peculiar, high scream that ends in a squawk. Occasionally, one zips past the plowman's head, and once in a very great while, one will light for a fraction of a second *on* his head. Through all of this,

TO PLOW IS TO PRAY

even it might be said as the background for it, the steady, even, smooth slither of the newly turned furrow can be heard, sliding off the plow-share onto the ground. It can be compared to a small, not too violent ripple of running water, in its smooth consistency. Underneath, the ground slowly slides past under the plowman's eye, and almost makes him dizzy if he watches it for a long enough period without looking up.

When the plowman comes to the end of the furrow, and the clash of the lever and gears of the tripping mechanism has died down, the quiet seems unnatural, and his ears fairly ring with the loudness of it. It is not until he starts back on the next trip, subconsciously hearing all of these noises, yet hardly hearing any of them, that he is restored to the dreamy lassitude that plowing provokes.

My Prayer

By Josephine Gardner Moench

Help me to reach the heights supreme
  Within this world of mine;
Nor grope, nor pine, nor cease to strive,
  Nor give up in despair,
Because the heights some others reach
  O'er shadow mine so far.

Notes to the Field

Magazine Subscriptions

We are pleased to print herewith the names of the Wards that have reached the goal in *Magazine* subscriptions. We regret that several did not send in their enrollment, number of subscriptions and the names of their agents. We deeply appreciate the excellent work done in increasing our subscriptions.

Stake	*Ward*	*Enrollment*	*No. of Subscriptions*	*Agent*
Alberta	Taylorville			
Ensign	12-13th	85	86	Alma J. Erickson
Ensign	20th	103	105	Jean H. Betenson
Big Horn	Worland (Branch)	27	30	Janie Tolman
	Penrose (Branch)	8	8	
Maricopa	Phoenix 2nd	72	80	Elnora Shupe
Juarez	Garcia	19	22	Nellie S. Hatch
Juarez	Pacheco	16	18	Lora Cluff
Palmyra	Leland	37	37	
Box Elder	2nd Ward	85	85	Ingrid Nelson, Sec.
Los Angeles	Wilmington	33	33	Effie K. Christensen
Eastern States Mission	Newark Branch	32	32	Ione A. Alger
Maricopa	Gilbert	35	38	Vivian Phelps
Young	Durango Branch	8	12	Alta M. Christensen, Pres.
Fremont	Independence			Alice M. Howard
Fremont	Rexburg Fourth			Mary S. Prince, Pres.
Moapa	St. Thomas			Elva Shelley
Snowflake	Heber	13	13	Helen Faulkner
Lethbridge	Calgary	18	23	Mrs. Leo E. Shurtliff
Union	Baker			
Union	Mt. Glen			

We Thank You

Again have the Relief Society women manifested their willingness to do anything and everything asked of them. Word went out to the stakes to have their signatures for the National Council petitions in by April 1st. Late in February a request came from the Council that two thousand signatures be sent in by March 1st. Knowing the Relief Society women, President Robison wired back, "We will have the signatures by the date specified." Within a week, over six thousand signatures had been sent in by the Relief Society women. We thank our sisters for this prompt response to the request made of them.

Work and Business

Cottonwood Stake Relief Society in Cooperation with U. S. A. C. Extension Service

Object:

The work of this department for 1931-32, or as long as the present relationship exists, will have as its primary object the establishing of improved practices in home and family relationships, as well as tak-

ing care of the regular business of the organization.

The major part of the program as outlined deals primarily with child development, that is, showing the parents of small children that food, clothing and environment are the fundamental character building influences of children from infancy to school age, the habit forming years.

The economies of each phase is dealt with, and some phases are purely to show values.

Problems:

1. The inability to judge and to provide the necessities of life in advance is a common problem in many families of the wards in this stake. What the body needs for adequate maintenance; how to get the most for the money expended for food; how to prepare it to retain the food values, and better methods of preservation, along with good standards, is the first problem.

2. What the minimum clothing requirement of the family is, the amount that can be purchased, and how to make good use of the articles on hand, is the next consideration.

3. Making the home as healthful, wholesome and attractive as possible with the means provided is another problem of the well organized family.

While these are lifetime problems, much headway can be made by dealing with each phase slowly, simply and persistently, still holding the interest of the individual.

We know that every Latter-day Saint woman values and cherishes the "family." This type of a program should aid her in building a more premanent structure.

Methods:

The method that has been adopted this year is as follows: A yearly program has been provided. Once each month the leaders from each ward are to meet and receive information by way of a lecture, and as far as possible, participate in a demonstration. Literature, simplified from good authority, is provided for each member of each organization who wishes to participate. A record is kept of the members who receive literature so a check can be made as to whether she is receiving any benefits or not. If not, the reason must be discovered and a new approach made.

In the ward the group is divided. It is generally conceded that the older women have more interest in the quilt and rug making, and should be given that responsibility. They should not be deprived of the social contacts they make thereby.

There is another group who are definitely interested in building homes. This is the group which this program provides for.

The lecture and demonstration is given in the ward much the same as the leaders receive it.

The stake leader visits some ward each week the last three weeks of the month. A schedule, made for the year, is placed in the hands of the president. Additional meetings are often called for some part of the work.

PROGRAM OF WORK

October—Clothing for children.

Discussion on hygienic clothing for children.

How general health and posture are influenced by methods of construction as well as types of fabrics.

Demonstration on feet and shoes.

Demonstration material for leaders: Approved patterns for girls' dresses, boys' suits, underwear.

November—Best Toys and Their Selection.

How, when, what to select or construct for child of given age.

Simple and practical gifts for adults.

December — Suitable Candies and Cookies for Children.

Canning card sent to leaders to make a record of canned goods on hand. Card to be returned.

January—Winter vegetable preparation.

Why have vegetables?

What kinds are most important, and how to prepare them to retain maximum amount of food value.

Considering vegetable adequacies per person.

February—Rug Making.

What and how.

Color combinations.

Kinds.

Braided.

Crocheted.

Hooked.

Materials.

All kinds.

March—Cleaners, Waxers and Pollishers.

Inexpensive, easily made, good preparations for cleaning walls, woodwork, floors and furniture.

April—Simple Drapery.

Kitchen curtains.

Suitable styles and fabrics.

Color harmonies, etc.

May.

First of month send out another canning card to list canned products on hand now, and bring the family canning budget to demonstrate.

Canning fruits, vegetables and meat.

Considering the means of supplying food for canning.

June—Exhibit.

The group to be divided into as many parts as there have been phases of work.

Each group exhibit on one thing:

Children's clothing.

Toys made at home.

Candies and cookies.

Rugs.

Vegetable preparation.

Canning.

Simple drapery.

This month's work will be discussed with leaders. One value it would have if given in stake would be to encourage the wards which are slow.

A Fruitful Suggestion

We quote herewith extracts from a letter written by Sarah G. Hoge of the Blackfoot Stake, to Professor Poulson who has prepared our social service lessons:

"Last year in the social service lesson published in the October *Magazine* you made the suggestion that it would be good medicine for the members of the Relief Society group to write down their most worthwhile thoughts.

"The idea appealed to me very strongly, so as social service class leader in the Blackfoot Stake, I have urged this suggestion very often.

"No one seemed to think she had any ability whatever along that line. Each one felt it was a joke for her to try to write anything worthwhile. However, each union meeting day I urged the class leaders to go back to their associations and keep persuading the women to try, explaining that it need not be poetry (perhaps I had best say rhymes); worthwhile and original thoughts written in either prose or rhyme were what we wanted. Well, finally after about three months I began to have results. The class leaders had gathered a few verses and sent them in. Each month the contributions grew until finally we had enough from several wards to have a twenty-minute pre-

liminary program in meeting. The ladies were invited to come from the various wards and give their own thoughts. We still have several wards due for preliminary programs, and they are prepared, waiting for an opportunity."

It is a pleasure to win recognition by having the opportunity of having one's work read in public gatherings or printed, but far more important is the development that comes through the effort put forth. In the words of Robert Louis Stevenson, "To journey is better than to arrive. The effort is greater than the achievement. The process making for experience is a development and a growth."

Here are some of the contributions:

BEAR LAKE VALLEY

(Dedicated to my Childhood Home)

By Sara G. Hoge

To thee, O peaceful valley
Surrounded by verdant hills,
I wish to dedicate the thought
That my whole being fills.

My mind oft strays down "Memory Lane"
To childhood days gone by,
Where'er I chance to sojourn
Mid distant scenes or nigh.

To your wondrous lake and canyons,
Your creek and peaks so high,
Your song of birds at dawning,
And peace when dusk draws nigh.
To your broad green lanes all edged with trees,
Your wild flowers and your rain
That taps unrivaled melodies
Against the window pane.

To your dry farms and your meadow lands,
And frogs that croak at night
While nature folds her tired wings
And goes to sleep with night.

To your lowing herds at evening wending
Their ways from pasture bars
At call of herd boy from afar
E'er peep the liquid stars.

The old time friends, the sweet content,
All so devoid of strife,
Make me feel I almost
Catch a glimpse of future life.

And "memories that bless and burn"
Midst youth's familiar scenes,
Carry me back in years a score
And life seems but a dream.

So few have been the changes
Since my youth in place and scene
That I seem to have just awakened
From a semi-conscious dream.

THE SUN DANCE

By Jane Bradford Terry

(The significance of this dance was explained by Thomas Cosgrove, an Indian, who read this poem with the comment, "You understand the heart of the Indian.")

On the Indian reservation
Where the land is clad in sage brush,
When the sun shone warm in summer,
Redmen built a large enclosure
Made of boughs and poles and willows.
In the center of the circle
Stood a pole securely planted.
On the pole a head of bison
To remind the dusky Redmen
How their fathers lived and hunted.
All around inside the circle
Dressed in gaily-colored blankets
Bare their arms and feet and bosoms,
Symbols painted on their bodies,
Stood the Redmen watching closely
For the signal of the Sun Dance.

Forward, backward, danced the Redmen,
Waving fans of eagle feathers,
Blowing whistles shrill and bird-like,
Whistles made from bones of eagles.
Forward, backward, danced the Redmen,
To the beating of the tom-tom,
To the sound of women singing.

LAUGH

By Sarah E. Andersen

Laugh! It is healthy to laugh.

A good laugh opens the lungs, stimulates the heart, and sends the blood in a cleansing stream to every part of the body.

CHARACTER

By Sarah E. Andersen

Character comes first with the great

teachers of the world. It was the heart of the message of Jesus.

Character comes first in home life. As fast as it develops mutual trust, helpfulness, kindness, and love, it takes the place of contention, cruelty, and selfishness.

SPRINGTIME

By Jane Bradford Terry

When the air is warm and fragrant
And you hear the hum of bees,
Breezes wafting scent of blossoms,
Birds a-singing in the trees,
Brooklets murm'ring sweetest music,
Butterflies a-sailing by,
Golden sunshine, warm and radiant
Making clear the bluest sky—
Seems the great Outdoors is calling,
And you want to hike along,
See the beauties of creation,
Get in tune with Nature's song.

Notes from the Field

NOTHING is more expressive than the reports of accomplishments which are constantly coming into the office from the stakes. Truly the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith have been fulfilled in reference to the promises made to the Relief Society.

Juarez Stake:

The President of the Juarez Stake writes in the bulletin which she sends to her wards and branches each month: "A mother is the busiest person ever. With so many demands made for her attention, her secret desires are often the last consideration, especially when her family is small, but as the children grow older more time is at mother's disposal. This should be used for her own development. She can now do some of the things she has probably wished to do for some time. A mother owes it to herself to set aside a portion of time to do the thing which is an expression of herself. To learn a little every day is the best insurance for rich, ripe old age. Mothers can keep in touch with the happenings in their own community, and in many cases throughout the world, and the Relief Society is of first interest in this respect."

In this remote stake the question of distance and the inaccessibility of some of the wards and branches, make it most necessary to keep contact through correspondence, and by means of the bulletin to which we have referred, this stake president is able to do the fine piece of work animated by the spirit which has already been quoted. In the bulletins which are sent out each month, the most important advice of the moment is given. This covers a careful study of the lesson preparation, and the self-improvement of the sisters and the Relief Society members. A very splendid campaign in the interest of the *Magazine* has also been put into effect, with the result that in some of the very small wards 100% has been reached. In the outlines of the lessons which are submitted, the text is simplified, where necessary, and a most excellent type of preparation is presented for the class leaders. Particular attention is called to some of the common errors in ordinary usage, and the correct and incorrect way cited. A splendid preparation of the literary lesson, also of the social service, of the theology and of the work and business activities were outlined. The preparation of the bulletin shows very great care and attention on the part of the president and her co-workers. The song practice is not omitted, but is definitely encouraged. The sug-

gestions for mothers in the way of social entertainment, games, good books to read, and all kinds of wholesome activity are suggested. The teachers' topic is discussed, and a fine presentation is also submitted. One of the outstanding accomplishments of the stake is the result which came from the story-writing contest. The president writes: "We were very much pleased to announce the winners in the recent story-writing contest. We heartily congratulate all who won favorable mention, and we extend our appreciation to all who responded to the request to write up incidents from the history of our country. We hope they will try again. Such talent should be developed. The judges were enthusiastic over the ability shown in the stories, and pronounced them out of the amateur class. The decisions were as follows: First place, Florence Allen, for the story called 'The Trust;' second place, Irene Martineau, 'While I Waited;' favorable mention was made of 'Revenge,' Laveta Lunt; 'Light of Faith,' Loa Wilson; 'Kids is Kids,' Agnes Bluth; 'Lupa,' Ruby S. Brown; 'Lest We Forget,' Elinor Robinson; 'All is Well,' Evelyn Palmer. We are proud of you.

"In collecting items of interest for the day when the history of your ward organization was given, did you have trouble in finding anything besides the dates and mere statistics? The responsibility for keeping this data is, in the main, the secretary's, but we urge that the president look into the minutes occasionally and see that everything concerning the growth of the organization is properly recorded. Every worthwhile or important happening in the Relief Society should be made note of, and the history of your Society should be kept up to date."

Big Horn Stake:

ONE of the many pleasing results from reading and studying the scriptures was demonstrated last summer, when the sisters of the Otto Relief Society conceived the idea of making white suits to be worn by the children being baptized, and also for those officiating. In this case, as in many other wards, this ordinance has to be performed in an open stream. The satisfaction which came from this accomplishment paid those sisters for all they had done.

"Pioneer socials, during the summer months, were held in each of the wards to the delight of both old and young. Patriarch C. A. Welch contributed several original poems, incidents of pioneer days in the Big Horn. It was intensely interesting as well as pleasing to know these happenings have been recorded. Laughable stunts were played, songs were sung, Primary children gave several numbers, refreshments were served to large crowds, and as 'good-nights' were said, it was with a fond desire to 'meet again.'

"The project, a vegetable and a flower garden for every home, resulted in a fine exhibit of vegetables, fruits and flowers, the day preceding our convention last August. In connection with this was a display of many and varied articles made during the past year. Following this was a banquet in honor of the Relief Society presidents given by President Boyack and her board members. To continue the garden project, warning and advice were given to 'fill every bottle' or in some way utilize everything available. Persons having surplus gave public notice and those who were without were supplied in this way. Besides having all we needed and some to spare, the outstanding blessing and promise 'that which cometh from the

earth is for man that he might have in abundance,' was realized and appreciated. As for the flowers, 4,000 perennials were planted, and the Cowley Ward, having planted the largest number was awarded a bulb for each member of the organization.

"During the month of September, visiting teachers' and Class Leaders' conventions were held in each ward, thus reaching more teachers and officers than before. Subjects discussed were: The *Magazine* in Every Home, Visiting Teachers' Responsibility, Pre-natal Care, Flower Culture, The New Testament and General Instructions. At one meeting we were fortunate in securing two professional speakers, one, a rose specialist, spoke on varieties suited to our climate and their culture; the other subject, Health, which was discussed in a timely and masterly style. Both were exceptionally good. Our stake presidency are in hearty accord with the social service work sponsored by the Relief Society, and are giving loyal support. The literary contest, requesting incidents in pioneer life, poems and songs, has created so much interest that we are happy to welcome the brethren in the 'struggle for superiority'."

TOOELE STAKE RELIEF SOCIETY CHOIR

Tooele Stake:

THE above picture is of the Tooele Stake Relief Society choir, which has done so much to bring up the standard of choral music, and create genuine pleasure throughout the stake. The choir was composed of sisters from the various wards of the stake, and was conducted by Sister Lizzie Barrus, with Sister Ada Higginson as organist. To stimulate Relief Society ward teaching this stake has offered an award to the ward which has the

best percentage of teachers' visits for the year. From the reports already received, there seems to be an awakening in interest and visits.

St. Joseph Stake:

THE St. Joseph stake Relief Society held its annual class leaders and visiting teachers convention in the Fall in the Thatcher ward house, commencing at 1:30. p. m. President Ethel D. Payne presided and conducted. Opening song, 'Earth With Her Ten Thousand Flowers.' Song, 'Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire.' President Payne welcomed all present, and hoped they would feel well paid for their attendance. Brother Millard Kartchner gave a violin selection, accompanied on the piano by Sister Elizabeth Crandall. Before going to class work, all stood with bowed heads for a minute in respect to Sister Minnie Mickelson, whose funeral was held that morning. She was a very faithful Relief Society worker, and at one time was president of the Thatcher Ward. In the teachers' department, the Pima Ward Society presented a model way for teachers to visit in the homes. Instructions were given, and discussions entered into. Brother Harvey Taylor, president of the Gila Junior College, gave an historical background for the Book of Mormon, and instructions on use of the Book of Mormon chart in the theological department. In the social service department, Brother Wesley Taylor, teacher in Gila Junior College, gave a short outline on the social service work for the year. Brother Monroe Clark, also a teacher in the college, presented a treatise on the short story of today in the literary department. At 3 p. m., we had a general session. When the roll was called there were 11 stake board members present, 1 excused; 45 ward officers, 25 class leaders, 112 visiting teachers, 72 members and visitors; making a total in all of 265. President H. L. Payne gave a very good talk on the Tobacco Habit, and read several excerpts from President Heber J. Grant's sermon in recent conference. He said every boy who wished to do big things should not use tobacco. Physicians say that women who persist in the use of tobacco will not have the privilege of becoming mothers. He spoke of the danger of so much speed. Try to encourage our young people to use their speed in a wise way.

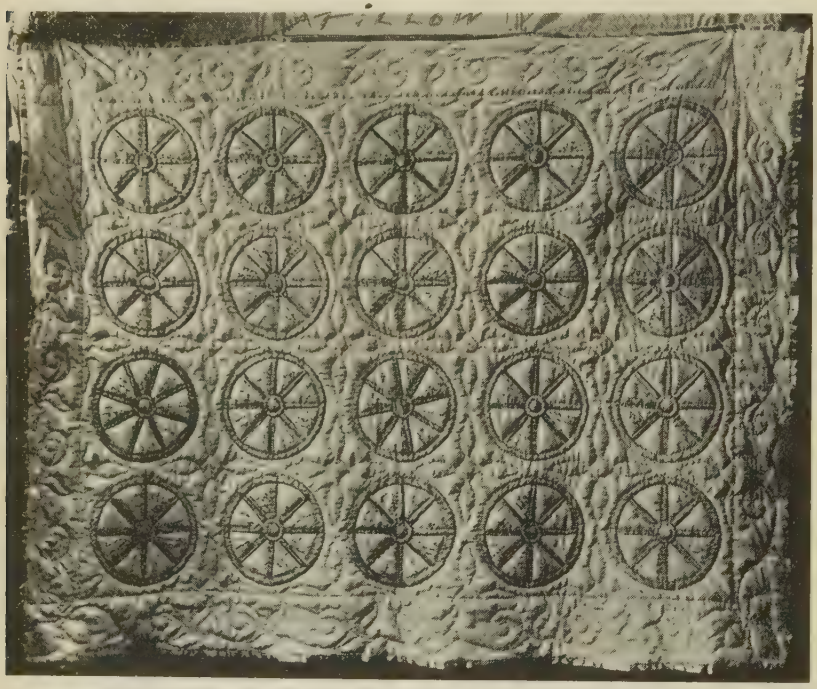
"President Ethel D. Payne announced that the stake Relief Society had a beautiful bridal outfit made for the brides of this stake to wear when they are married in the temple. It is now ready, and will be sent to Mesa for the opening of the Arizona Temple in the fall. She hoped the girls would all be married in the Temple.

"Closing song, 'O, Ye Mountains High.' Benediction, Sister Amelia Evans of the stake board. A number of wards had some lovely work on display. After the meeting the stake board served punch and cookies. It was a very enjoyable convention."

Tongan Mission:

SISTER FLOY B. CUTLER, president of the Tongan Mission Relief Society, writes as follows: "We are pleased to report the organization of two new Relief Societies in the Togatabu District during the year, making in all twelve organizations, all presided over by native sisters. These women are diligent in their labors, and endeavor to keep up the standards of Relief Society work. We realize that we have disadvantages here that are not experienced in many of the other

missions, but we are striving continually to overcome these difficulties, and I feel that progress is being made through the auxiliary organizations in delivering the Gospel message to the people of these Islands. The native sisters send greetings to the Relief Society workers in Zion."



UNION STAKE'S UNIQUE QUILT

Union Stake:

THE above picture shows an "Advertising Quilt," made by the Union Stake Relief Society Board. "We were asked for funds to help pay stake indebtedness. The wards in our stake are rather scattered, which makes it somewhat difficult to raise the money with sales because it puts the greater part of the burden on one ward, so our president planned the quilt, called the "Wheel of Advertising." Space was sold on the quilt to the merchants of our town, and their names, and in some cases a short identifying phrase, was embroidered in the space. The rim and spokes of the wheel were shaded with crayolas. The quilt was made of beautiful material and quilted with a well-designed border. It was placed in store windows on two different streets in the business section of the town, and aroused quite a good deal of comment. Some of our wards are adapting the idea for 'friendship' quilts, and the quilts will have the names of members of the organization only."

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

The Drawing Power of Christ

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John 12:32.

"And God saw these souls that they were good, and he stood in the midst of them, and he said: These I will make my rulers; for he stood among those that were spirits, and he saw that they were good; and he said unto me: Abraham, thou art one of them; thou wast chosen before thou wast born.

"And there stood one among them that was like unto God, and he said unto those who were with them: We will go down, for there is space there, and we will take of these materials, and we will make an earth whereon these may dwell;

"And we will prove them herewith, to see if they will do all things whatsoever the Lord their God shall command them;

"And they who keep their first estate shall be added upon; and they who keep not their first estate shall not have glory in the same kingdom with those who keep their first estate; and they who keep their second estate shall have glory added upon their heads for ever and ever.

"And the Lord said: Whom shall I send? And one answered like unto the Son of Man: Here am I, send me. And the Lord said: I will send the first."—Abraham 3:23-27.

"And I, the Lord God, spake unto Moses, saying: That Satan whom thou hast commanded in the name of mine Only Begotten, is the same which was from the beginning, and he came before me, saying—Behold, here am I, send me, I will be thy son, and I will redeem all mankind, that one soul shall not be lost, and surely I will do it; wherefore give me thine honor.

"But, behold, my Beloved Son, which was my Beloved and Chosen from the beginning, said unto me—Father, thy will be done, and the glory be thine forever.

"Wherefore, because that Satan rebelled against me, and sought to destroy the agency of man, which I, the Lord God, had given him, and also, that I should give unto him mine own power; by the power of mine Only Begotten, I caused that he should be cast down."—Moses 4:1-3.

THE surpassing love of the Christ was manifested in the plan he offered in the great council of heav-

en. His plan was founded on honor and love for his Father and free agency for man, so different from the force and self-glory of Lucifer's plan. To redeem mankind, the Christ left the courts of glory to tabernacle in the flesh, and suffered as man has never suffered. So great was his agony on one occasion that great drops of blood betokened his anguish. His norm from childhood was to be about his "Father's business." His love went out to his brothers and sisters and again and again would he have gathered them as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but they would not. He taught them how to live, he told them of the glory of the life to come, he healed the sick, unstopped the ears of the deaf, made the blind to see, raised the dead. His whole thought was to magnify his mission and accomplish his work. At times, his suffering was almost beyond endurance. In the Garden of Gethsemane he said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. * * O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."—Matthew 26:38-39. Again did he supplicate: "O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done."—Matthew 26:42.

Lifted up on the cross he endured the jeers of the multitude, a crown of thorns was placed upon his head, vinegar was given to quench his thirst, and his flesh was pierced with nails. Thus did he suffer the most ignominious death the Jews knew how to inflict, yet was he not defeated, but was master. 'Midst jeers and scorn and cruel taunts, his forgiving love prompted the prayer, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

Before his advent, prophets announced his coming. Since his advent, historians have marked the influence of his life and teaching. Millions have felt as Tennyson, "Our wills are ours we know not how, Our wills are ours to make them thine." His teaching and influence have transformed people from human to divine. He has been the animator of progress, the moulder of civilization. His reign is eternal and is ever extending farther and farther. He is the pivotal point of all history. Everything looks backward or forward to the Christ. Because he was lifted up he has drawn men unto him. The civilized world hail him as King. The source of his drawing power is his divine love, and so his prophecy is constantly being fulfilled—he was lifted up and he is day by day drawing more and more men unto him.

April Sixth

PEOPLE do well to celebrate the birthdays of their loved ones and of those noted people who have given outstanding service. It is profitable, also, to observe anniversaries of the beginnings of great events and movements that have blessed mankind.

This year, the Relief Society has the unique opportunity of holding its conference on April 6, the one hundred and second anniversary of the organization of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. As the members assemble on this day they think of the wonderful results attendant on that event. Many of those assembled will realize that

they owe their American birth to the restoration of the gospel on April 6, and to the subsequent proclaiming of the glad tidings of great joy in foreign lands. Their parents or grandparents, in response to that message, left their native heath and came to the promised land that they and their children might partake of the blessings of the gospel. They will ponder over what the gospel means to them, of the joy and peace it has brought to their souls. They will realize that it has transformed their lives, it has illuminated their paths, and it has given them the opportunity of sending their fathers and husbands, sons and daughters, out to proclaim the glad tidings, and it has given them the opportunity to enter temples to save their dead. All they are, all that they hope to be, is centered in the gospel of Jesus Christ, restored on April 6, 1830. And so reverently and with songs and prayers and gratitude will they approach the throne of grace, thanking the Father for this event and its tremendous consequences.

The President of the National Council

MISS LENA MADESIN PHILLIPS, president of the National Council of Women, has shown in an unmistakable way her unselfish devotion to the cause of the Council and to the Chicago projects by refusing a salary of $5,000 a year for her services, and offering to do the work without pay. We quote a letter she wrote to President Robison as we are sure our readers will be glad to know how fine a character they have in their president.

"My Dear Mrs. Robison:

"I have given careful consideration to the motion passed by the Board of Directors at the meeting held here on December 1st concerning my serving as Executive Director for our Chicago projects, with the understanding that the money budgeted for the salary of such Executive Director (approximately $5000 a year) be paid me as salary.

"Due to the unusual character of work involved, I believe our Executive Committee feels that this work will best be carried by me. It is difficult to find an Executive Director who can now easily take hold of our plans, touching as they must our member organizations in so many ways. I realize this difficulty and am prepared, with the counsel and cooperation of our Executive Committee, to direct our campaign for signatures and to develop plans for our Chicago projects.

"Appreciative as I am, however, of this considerate action on the part of our Board, I do not feel that I can accept from the Council a salary for this work. I accepted the presidency because of my conviction that it was something that I should do. The best of my thinking and of my efforts are and will be devoted to this program. I shall be happier, however, to feel that I am one with the many other volunteers who are contributing to organized womanhood through their work for the Council.

"Cordially,

"(Signed) Lena Madesin Phillips,
President."

Counselor Lyman Honored

WE congratulate Counselor Amy Brown Lyman on the honor that has recently come to her in her appointment as Governor of the Utah Province of Pi Gamma Mu, national social science honor society. Mrs. Lyman's outstanding work and charming personality have won her recognition not only in the field of social service but she has also played a prominent part in the activities of the National Council of Women.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in June)

THEOLOGY—THE BOOK OF MORMON IDEA OF THE HEREAFTER

Select Readings: Alma, chapters 36-42 inclusive. Note the separate ideas here. Summarize the teachings of Alma the younger.

It is time now to sum up, to take account of our findings with respect to the value of the *Book of Mormon* as an evidence of the divine mission of the Prophet Joseph Smith. First of all, as to the ideas it contains.

(1) There is the idea of God in his dealings with sinners in hell. The ideas in the Nephite Record, we found, were not at all in agreement with those that were current at the time of the Prophet, either in Palmyra or throughout the Christian world.

(2) There is the doctrine concerning man. Joseph Smith gave us what amounts to a new definition of immortality, in the *Book of Mormon*. Man not only is now and will continue a conscious individual after death, but he is co-eval with God. And this new immortality, so far as we know, had never been advanced as a Christian doctrine before the Prophet's time.

(3) There is the emphasis on man's life here. While this is not altogether new, being found in the *Gospels*, yet it was new in his time, first, in the stress on the Now and the Here and, secondly, in the attention to the near-end of human life instead of the remote. As a matter of fact, it is only now, when people have become disgusted with the older emphasis, that this idea has taken on a new meaning.

These ideas were put out by Joseph Smith. But Joseph Smith was uneducated; he had had no training in theology; and he was young, besides, not yet twenty-five. It is hardly credible that he alone was responsible for a set of ideas like these. That is why critics of the *Book of Mormon* have spent a full hundred years in trying to find out whether any other man helped him in the literary work involved. No competent critic, however, now believes that either Sidney Rigdon or Solomon Spaulding had anything to do with writing the Record.

The Prophet always maintained that God revealed the *Book of Mormon* to him, through Moroni, a resurrected man. This we have seen in the testimony he gives in his *Autobiography*. We submit that it is easier to believe that he was divinely inspired in this work than that he did it unaided of man or of God.

And there is the whole case, so far as the *Book of Mormon* is concerned.

But there is at least one bit of external evidence that we must touch upon here. It is the testimony of the three and the eight witnesses to the existence of the plates from which the Prophet claims to have translated the *Book of Mormon*. And the three witnesses bear testimony also to the fact of the heavenly messenger.

The reader should here turn to

these testimonies, for there is not space here for them.

The eight witnesses declare that, in addition to seeing the gold plates, they also "hefted" them. Here are the two most dependable of the five senses involved in this testimony—sight and touch. The three witnesses declare that they saw the angel and heard his voice and that they saw the plates in his hands. Here are the senses of sight and hearing involved in the situation. Oliver Cowdery elsewhere states that he "handled" both the plates and the urim and thummim, with which the book was translated.

It is customary with us to show that these eleven men were not deceived by the Prophet and that they were not lying, because they had no motive to do so either as to wealth or fame. But really this is not necessary any more, for the reason that the ground of belief in human testimony has shifted during recent years.

At one time no testimony was thought credible that was "improbable." This test depended on the opinion of the critic. If he looked upon it as improbable, he threw it out; but if he believed it probable, he accepted it. Hume, an English philosopher and historian, declared flatly that "the miraculous is the impossible," and he refused even to consider it, no matter how many persons testified to it. But Professor Ihne, a German historian who deals with source material, says that the test to be applied to any witness is whether he is "able and willing to tell the truth." (See his work on *Ancient Rome.*) And some of our own historians in America believe this test applicable to witnesses to the miraculous as well. Indeed, as Professor Ihne tells us, every historical event rests ultimately on human testimony; and since the miraculous is an event that happens, it may be supposed that it, too, must of necessity rest on testimony.

This, at all events, is the modern way to test the witnesses to the *Book of Mormon.* The positive, undeviating testimony of these twelve men, if we include that of the Prophet, ought to be sufficient to enable one to trust in the divine origin of the *Book of Mormon.*

Perhaps it ought to be said at this point that even the testimony of these twelve men is not enough to give us a knowledge of the divine origin of the Nephite Record. At best that testimony is but evidence. A knowledge of the divine origin of that work can come only through our own experience, our own individual contact with the spiritual source of spiritual knowledge. Moroni, in the Record itself, tells us how that is to be done.

"When ye shall receive these things," he says, speaking of the time we are in, "I would exhort you that ye would ask God, the eternal Father, in the name of Christ, if these things are not true; and if ye shall ask with a sincere heart, with real intent, having faith in Christ, he will manifest the truth of it unto you, by the power of the Holy Ghost."

Having this assurance that Joseph Smith really did have spiritual contacts, through which he received visions and revelations concerning the *Book of Mormon,* we may now proceed with our last point in the study of the Nephite Record: the ideas it gives us about heaven, to which we shall add what the Prophet himself furnishes us on the same subject.

The *fact* of another life, if we must discriminate at all, is perhaps the outstanding thing in the *Book of Mormon.* Everything revolves

around this point. It is of a piece with the Record itself. All the writers of the volume make this a central point in their work. All the prophets before Christ looked forward to his coming, as all those after him looked back to his advent. But the main thing about Christ, to them, was the fact of his redemption. In it they took glory; of it they were never tired of speaking and writing. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that in the Nephite Record we get a more substantial *feeling* as to another life than even in the pages of the *New Testament.*

That is the first thing we get—an idea and feeling that heaven is a reality and not a "fabrication," an escape from disagreeable things here, as some have tried to make out after consulting their ignorance on the point.

A second thing we get from the *Book of Mormon* is a deep feeling concerning the resurrection from the dead.

To the Nephite prophets heaven was not a place where disembodied spirits lived an inactive life. They believed in a literal raising of the body. The quotation already given from Alma, in another lesson, shows this. Their heaven, therefore, was in reality but a continuation of this life—except that there man would be immortal, whereas here he is subject to death.

As an instance of this literalness we have, in addition to the Christ of the Nephite appearances, the case of Moroni; and here we touch the times of this heavenly messenger and also the times of Joseph Smith —thus connecting two important dispensations.

The Moroni of the *Book of Mormon* was a man, in no essential sense different from his contemporaries. He was born as they were; he ate, wore clothing, and slept much as they did; he took up arms against enemies, as they did, and led hosts to battle; he spoke and wrote the language of his people; and finally he died after the fashion of his people, although we do not know when or how.

But the Moroni that Joseph Smith knew was different. In what respects? Not in his mental and spiritual qualities, it would appear. For he manifested about the same interest in human welfare that he had done in his mortal body. He was extremely patient with the boy Joseph; he was anxious over him, to see that he had the necessary instructions for his work; and, although he reproved him on occasions and punished him for his transgressions, yet he exhibited great love and compassion for him.

But he was different in his tabernacle. That was now immortal, incapable any more of death and suffering. Moreover, it could appear and disappear at a moment's notice, as we saw on the first visit Joseph made to the hill Cumorah. And then, too, it was like our sound waves, the ones that carry into our radios; what we know as lumber and brick and stone was no hindrance at all to the resurrected Moroni, any more than they were to our Savior in Palestine after his resurrection. He appeared to the disciples when they were in the house, the "doors being shut." So Moroni did to the young Prophet on the twenty-first of September, 1823.

If then, we would ask to know something about the condition of those who are raised from the dead, our answer is clearer through what we have in connection with the *Book of Mormon* than it is from any other source that antedates that Record.

A third point about heaven that we get from the *Book of Mormon* coincides with what we get from the *Gospels*. It is that "the meek shall inherit the earth." Nor does the *Book of Mormon* add anything of importance to what Jesus said to the Jews and to the Nephites about the meek.

But the Mormon Prophet, building on the foundation of the *Book of Mormon,* makes some very illuminating comments in revelations which he received after those connected with the Nephite Record.

The earth was created for man. It is to be his permanent home. But, as there is to be a new man, just so is there to be a new earth for the abode of the new man. That also is the doctrine of John the Revelator, in the twenty-first chapter of "Revelations" (verse 1): "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."

The Prophet tells us not a few things about the conditions under which we shall live hereafter.

For one thing, family ties will continue there—provided arrangements have been made before then. That means love, the most fruitful source of joy on the earth. "Would you think it strange," he said once in Nauvoo (Vol. V, *History of the Church,* pp. 361-2, "if I relate what I have seen in vision in relation to this interesting theme? Those who have died in Jesus Christ may expect to enter into all that fruition of joy when they come forth, which they possessed or anticipated here. So plain was the vision, that I actually saw men, before they had ascended from the tomb, as though they were getting up slowly. They took each other by the hand and said to each other, 'My father, my son, my mother, my daughter, my brother, my sister'."

And, for another thing, we shall progress eternally in the hereafter, much as we might here if we were permitted to live and enjoy our powers. That is far preferable to the old sectarian notion that we would spend our time in heaven singing psalms before the great white throne. Infinite possibilities will be open to us for the development of the powers for good which we possessed on the earth in our mortal bodies.

And, for still another thing, there are different degrees of glory there to match the different capacities for progress and enjoyment and character in this life. These fall into three groups—the celestial, the terrestrial, and the telestial. This is a distinct advance over the notion that still prevails in the Christian churces that differences are all obliterated in heaven—even differences between those who were sinners and saints here. The "Mormon" doctrine on this subject is expressed in the seventy-sixth section of the *Doctrine and Covenants.*

These views, and others we have no space for in these lessons, were revealed to Joseph Smith, the Prophet, through his spiritual contacts —contacts that included, not only such personages as Moroni, John the Baptist, Moses, Elijah, the ancient apostles, Peter, James, and John, but also God the Father and Jesus Christ the Son. And that these spiritual contacts gave him positive and clear ideas, and deep conviction, on the subject, is evident from the following quotation—which forms a fitting conclusion for the present series of lessons on the *Book of Mormon*:

"More painful to me are the thoughts of annihilation than death. If I have no

expectation of seeing my father, mother, brothers, sisters, and friends, my heart would burst, and I should go down to my grave. The expectation of seeing my friends in the morning of the resurrection cheers my soul and makes me bear up against the evils of life. It is like their taking a long journey, and on their return we meet them with increased joy.

"God has revealed his son from the heavens and the doctrines of the resurrection also; and we have a knowledge that those we bury here God will bring up again, clothed upon and quickened by the Spirit of the great God; and what mattereth it whether we lay them down, or we lay down with them, when we can keep them no longer? Let these truths sink down in our hearts, that we may even here begin to enjoy that which shall be in full hereafter.

"Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to Almighty God, that rays of light begin to burst forth upon us even now. I cannot find words in which to express myself." (*History of the Church*, Vol. V, p. 362.)

Questions

1. State briefly the main ideas considered here from the *Book of Mormon* concerning (a) the character of God as relates to his treatment of sinners in hell, (b) the immortality of man, and (c) man's duties here and now.

2. Show, from the testimony of the *Book of Mormon* and that also of the eleven witnesses to its divine origin, that it is more reasonable to believe that Joseph Smith was inspired than that he made up all these ideas.

3. What was once the test of a witness? What is that test now? Which appeals to you as the more reasonable? Why?

4. State the additions which the modern Prophet made to the ideas of the hereafter as given in the *Book of Mormon.* Give the substance of the quotation from the Prophet Joseph.

5. What has impressed you most in this course in the *Book of Mormon?* In what ways, if any, has your testimony to spiritual truth been increased?

Teachers' Topic

Watchword: "And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house."—Luke 10:5.

Text: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."—Matthew 5:48.

From the earliest Biblical times, the perfection of the Father has been held up as an example for his children to follow.

"And when Abram was ninety years old and nine, the Lord appeared to Abram, and said unto him, I am the Almighty God: walk before me, and be thou perfect."—Genesis 17:1.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

"Speak unto all the congregation of the children of Israel, and say unto them, Ye shall be holy: for I the Lord your God am holy."—Lev. 19:1-2.

Likewise the apostles of the meridian dispensation supported the teachings of the Master in enjoining perfection as the ultimate attainments of the disciples. The apostle Paul, in his letter to the Colossians speaks of Christ: "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."—Col. 1:28. The Apostle James also advises: "But let patience have her perfect

work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."—James 1:4.

Many there are who become so engrossed in the glitter and glamor of worldly things, that they fail to comprehend the big purpose of life. Their time and effort are given in seeking vain desires and passing pleasures, rather than seeking to obtain eternal happiness by striving to live the perfect law of liberty. There are others, however, who are asking, What is the purpose of life? and are seeking for something that will give joy and satisfaction to their souls.

The gospel of Jesus Christ teaches that the purpose of life is to grow and develop physically, mentally and spiritually in such a way as to gain eternal progression. Just how we progress in life hereafter will depend on how our earthly life has been spent. Joseph Smith, the Prophet, tells us that: "Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection.

"And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come."—Doctrine and Covenants 130:18-19.

The gospel is a perfect religion, a perfect law of liberty, of peace, of righteousness, and if we comply with the admonition given in the text we would interpret life according to the laws and doctrines of the gospel, and would live completely, consistently, and in harmony with its teachings.

Is there any better opportunity given than that of the Relief Society Teacher, to strive for and to gain a perfect life, to be an ambassador of Christ, to share in the joys and sorrows, to radiate peace, happiness and good cheer, and to love all mankind? Christ never asked anything of his children that He did not prepare the way for them to fulfil all requirements. Much has been given, and much is expected. Paul says: "And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers;

"For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ:

"Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."—Ephesians 4:11-13.

May we express the same desire in our hearts for you in your work, as did Paul in earlier times: "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever."—Hebrews 13:20-21.

Blossom Time

By Ella J. Coulam

Of all the joys of springtime
That fill me with delight,
It is the joy of blossom-time
With petals pink and white.

They flirt with busy humming birds
And coax the honey bees,
And look like falling snowflakes
As they flutter from the trees.

They breathe a wondrous message
Of a harvest rich and grand—
A promise of a bounteous crop
Throughout the verdant land.

Literature

(Third Week in June)

The Short Story in Utah*

When Hawthorne was winning favor with his "Scarlet Letter," and the first act of the golden drama in California that was to introduce Bret Harte as one of its heroes was being enacted, the territory of Deseret was too busy wresting food from the soil and planning ways to get its new citizens across the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains to have any time for creative writing.

But in 1872, when Salt Lake was something of a city and there were growing villages near the mouth of almost every canyon in Utah, the women of the Church knew that the day of the arts was soon to come. The "Woman's Exponent" was established and was at that time the only women's paper between Boston and the Pacific coast. Although not owned and controlled by the Relief Society, "The Exponent" was from the first the accredited organ of that organization. It appeared twice a month and Louisa L. Greene was its editor. The people who read its eight pages quarto paid two dollars a year for it, and thoroughly agreed with its sentiment: "It is better to represent ourselves than to be misrepresented by others." News notes, Relief Society notes, articles on fashion, cooking, babies, and poetry appeared, but there was no pen lifted to tell in prose the exciting sagas of the Seventies.

Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, in 1875, became associate editor, and in 1877 editor. The *Woman's Exponent* continued under her management and editorship for forty years.

An early short story appearing in its columns was by Hannah T. King, an English lady of literary taste and talent. The story was entitled, "Three Scenes in the History of a Diamond Necklace," a story of Hortense Beauharnais and Napoleon. Mrs. King published other stories, mostly of historic nature, in this paper, while the editor, Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, published several under the *nom de plume* of Blanch Beechwood. "Hepzibah," a New England story, and "In Rural England," a political story, were considered by the author her best stories. Augusta Joyce Crocheron contributed a number of pioneer stories, and "Angelina," a story by W. Crouch, appeared in an early issue.

The narrative writings by Eliza R. Snow and Helen Marr Whitney might be classed among the early short stories as they were true to form, but not fiction. Lu Dalton, M. A. Y. Greenhalgh, and Josephine Spencer, also contributed stories to the *Exponent*.

*Author's apology: The material for this lesson is so vast and there are so many people who are so well acquainted with it that I write this lesson with considerable hesitation. Because of my being away from Utah, I have not been able to do the research that I should like to do. Neither have I been able to keep as closely in touch with the present day writers as I should wish. The few opinions expressed are original with me, and I hope that there will be much disagreement with them as well as a little agreement. Many names are omitted that are worthy to be included, but there was not space for every one. I wish to thank here the numerous persons who have been so kind in helping me gather the material for this lesson, and I am particularly indebted to Mrs. Vesta P. Crawford, who spent a great deal of time among the faded files of magazines from "Peep O Day" on down to the present day magazines.

In 1879 Junius F. Wells founded and edited the *Contributor.* This was the official organ of the Y. M. M. I. A. On its frontispiece was written, "Let No Man Despise Thy Youth." But the *Contributor* did not at first demand short stories. Orson F. Whitney, called by Tullidge the "Byron of Mormondom," wrote poems and essays, and "Amethyst" wrote articles on the ideal woman. Emmeline B. Wells and Susa Young Gates contributed, and with them there grew much interest in prose tales.

The *Contributor* became the *Era* in 1897, and two-part stories were all the fashion. A little later William A. Morton and Nephi Anderson were chief among the story tellers. But that is getting ahead of the history of the short story in Utah. Prior to this, Mrs. Gates had written stories for the *Juvenile Instructor* and the *Exponent,* and her "John Stevens' Courtship" had appeared as a serial in the *Contributor,* and had been eagerly read.

In 1889 Susa Young Gates was made editor of the *Young Woman's Journal.* Because no magazine could be edited by Mrs. Gates without fiction, and because people were demanding fiction, short stories became numerous in the new periodical. Writers, however, were not so numerous then as now. Louisa L. Greene (now Mrs. Richards) wrote under the name of Lula, and Emmeline B. Wells' name was sometimes seen in the prose section. The first number of the *Young Woman's Journal,* October, 1889, contained the following short stories: "Whatsoever a Man Soweth," by "Homespun;" "A Great Navigator's First Love," by M. A. Y. Greenhalgh; "Spiritualism, or What Became of Murphy," by Ellen L. Jakeman.

Ellen L. Jakeman, one of the popular early writers, was an artist and a realist. Her style was simple and she wrote of the people she knew best. Her "We Tread the Dust" was one of her first stories to appear in the *Journal.* It began:

"Mrs. Vernon was thirty, married, and the mother of five children. She was a true believer in 'Woman's Rights'—and wrongs. She had long ago lost all that 'delicacy of refinement' that make woman lovable—at least all that could be scrubbed off by coming in contact with dirty floors, pots and kettles, to say nothing of mending old trousers. * * * She did the cooking, washing, scrubbing, and all the endless array of small matters that festoon like cobwebs the tender name of home."

There is something of the French grace and simplicity of style in Mrs. Jakeman's opening paragraph and one wonders how far she would have gone in her art if she had allowed it to absorb her life and had sought other fields.

The story goes on with an account of Mrs. Vernon's labors—getting children ready for school, cooking, milking—and her husband's criticism and indifference to her. There is a stormy scene in which they quarrel and the wife goes out to hunt her husband. He is found rehearsing the love scene in an amateur play, and instead of forgiving him, she becomes more angry. In the end they promise to make allowances for each other. It is a story of real life with a triangle of husband, wife, and poverty, instead of the usual lover.

Alongside of the Church magazines there was steady, though not so hardy, growth of periodicals published independently and more literary in nature. There was *Peep O Day* as early as 1864. It was an expensive one, seven dollars a year, and one wonders that it had any

subscribers. Messrs. Harrison and Tullidge were the editors and the men had a hard time of it, for Utah could not then (nor does it yet) support a purely literary magazine. Editor Tullidge was one of the chief contributors. He was well-read and had some style. Some of his stories were short, but for the most part he wrote long stories with ancient and foreign settings.

The *Deseret News* and the *Young Woman's Journal* have been strong factors in the encouragement of short story writing by their annual offer of prizes for the best short story for their Christmas issues. Hundreds of very creditable stories have been received and the selected prize stories have always shown fine workmanship. Prominent among these favored writers is the late Edith Ellerbeck Reid, who not only received the prize three times but made an enviable name for herself as a writer of stories for many popular magazines. She also wrote three of the stories of the *Blue Bonnet series,* and was asked by the publishers to complete the second book as the originator died before that one was finished. Mona Wilcox Cannon also was one of the prize winners and has written many pretty stories for other magazines. Among the well known story writers during the time of these prize stories were Josephine Spencer, Kate Thomas, Annie Pike Greenwood, Susa Talmage, Christine D. Young.

There were three colleges in Utah now and hosts of young people going away to school, and people were beginning to pay more attention to literature and to the creating of it. Nephi Anderson, a gifted writer of the Church, wrote his "Piney Ridge Cottage," one of the first of the modern Utah short stories. It was serialized, but in nature it was more of a short story than a novel. It was a tale of simple, rustic people, and it was typical of much of life within the Church. Nephi Anderson also had other gifts—versatility and a touch of mysticism—and his name must go in Utah's hall of fame. N. L. Nelson was another writer who sometimes turned to the story. One of his last ones to appear in the church periodicals was "Trails of Timpanogos" and into it Mr. Nelson put much of his love for Utah's mountains.

For every short story writer in the earlier days of the Church, there are a dozen or more today. Because of the fact that they write for the Church periodicals—magazines with necessarily a definite editorial policy—their themes are somewhat alike and are apt to have a didactic tone. This later characteristic is not always a necessary one, for all of the Church magazines occasionally carry stories with this element lacking. For a long time two women have been preeminent in the field.

Mrs. Elsie Chamberlain Carroll now teaches at the Young University, where she was a student, and the appearance of one of her stories in "The Era" or "Relief Society Magazine" is a happy event. Her writing is restrained, is confined usually to the scenes of her life—small towns and University days—and she strives faithfully to reproduce the characters and emotions she has witnessed. In her delicacy and grace of style and treatment and in her choice of native characters, she is not unlike Sarah Orne Jewett.

The second writer, Mrs. Ivy Williams Stone of Ogden, is more daring and original in her themes and in her style. She is interested in epic themes and she likes to write of the older West and of pioneer life. Both of these women have been kind

enough to write briefly of their lives and ambitions. Mrs. Carroll says:

"The first money I ever received for a story was a twenty-five dollar prize offered for a Christmas story by the "Young Woman's Journal." I wrote a story, "The Norrisville Christmas Tree," but felt that it was not good enough to submit. My husband (this was the year after we were married) retrieved the story from the waste-basket unknown to me, copied it, and sent it in. My winning was a happy surprise.

"Trying to write has been a worthwhile hobby to me. It has served as an outlet for my feelings, and as means for keeping my mind busy and interested when I have been passing through sorrow, as my natural inclination has been to brood and suffer." "Her Phantom Family, published in the "Relief Society Magazine" for December, 1931, was suggested by two things, she says: "I heard of a lady in a neighboring town who had a beautiful home but lived in the basement, keeping the main part of the house as a sort of plaything. That was one part of the idea. The other came out of a first hand knowledge that when one has lost a dear one it is hard to fight the temptation to shut one's self away with one's sorrow and memories and ignore the life of actuality with its opportunities of service."

Mrs. Stone wrote: "I was born in Peterson, Utah, in 1885. A healthy body, a good library and an early desire to write are the outstanding memories of my childhood. High school education was secured at quite a personal sacrifice, as my father had died, leaving my mother with several small children. After leaving school, I secured the clerkship of the Ogden City School Board, being the first woman in Utah to hold such a position. I served as secretary of the Utah Educational Association for one year. After my younger brother and sister were well established, I resigned my work and married. Mr. Stone and I have had seven children—four of whom still survive. I do housework the greater part of each day, but while my hands are busy with mechanical tasks, my brain is constantly shaping new situations, molding new characters, or developing a new plot. I cannot remember a time when I did not have a great urge to write; but I did not take myself seriously until I had three children. Now I frequently run to the typewriter to jot down an idea while flour is evident upon my hands."

Mrs. Stone was asked to name her two favorite stories and her answer was, "Children of Toil," a story from the "Young Woman's Journal." It tells of life on a dry farm and was inspired by the women she saw toiling there. Her second choice is "Spawners" of the "Improvement Era" for November, 1929. This story came as an aftermath to the great flood in northern Utah. Of the plot itself the author says: "One farmer, who had built upon his father's old homestead, could not be persuaded to move away from the mouth of the little canyon, down which the flood had spent its greatest fury. He rebuilt his home in the same draw, and like the salmon who return to their native hatching place to spawn, he is willing to face what God may care to send."

Sophy Valentine, Annie Pike Greenwood, Ida Stewart Peay, Katharine C. McKay, Elsie Talmage Brandley, Ruth Moench Bell, Olive M. Nicholes, Annie D. Palmer and a number of others have all helped to raise the standard of the short story in the Church periodicals and keep the art alive. Too,

there are numerous younger writers whose names are beginning to appear in the magazines, but whose work cannot yet be judged.

Mrs. Palmer states that the need to earn money has always kept her from the accomplishment she has longed for in the literary field. Always her path has been diverted from what she wanted to do, by the what was necessary to be done. School teaching was not to her liking yet it was her occupation for twenty years; serving was not attractive, but she made dresses and trimmed hats to earn money; salesmanship had little appeal, but there was a job in the co-op store, so she sold dry goods, groceries, and horseshoe nails; social work was not known to her until a call came from church leaders, and her life's work swung into "Helping People Out of Trouble." In between she has found untold joy in the things her pen has produced — poems, short stories and drama. She still cherishes a hope for more time sometime to devote to the thing that is her hobby.

Men writers? The last decade has seen only one man promiment in the short story field. He is Harrison R. Merrill who is now editor of "The Era." Mr. Merrill is a journalist first, but his stories for boys—particularly his athletic tales of high school and college, have won him a wide following. In addition Mr. Merrill is also a poet. There have been, of course, other writers, but few who have published more than one or two stories. The new "Era" carries a number of men writers.

Outside of the church group, there are several men who have won national distinction. Among these are Bernard DeVoto, John Held, the cartoonist, John Browning, Frank Roberts from Idaho, who has won much renown as a writer of western stories, and Raymond Berry from Provo.

Bob Ellerbeck, Mrs. Morris Ritchie, and Mrs. C. E. Richards have also won recognition outside the state.

As yet no great master of the short story has come out of Utah. We are still waiting for a Hawthorne who can depict our inner life, a Harte who will make our unique characters famous and who will make the world laugh and weep over our sagas, a Tolstoy who will show our struggles for a higher life, or a Lagerlof who will write our legends and preserve the stories and characteristics of our country people. And we have had no Mark Twain to chronicle our humor.

There is material in abundance and the person who uses it must be a native of our mountains and deserts. Such a person may already be writing or he may be yet unborn, but the day is not far distant when he will begin his work. In the meantime the Church magazines are more and more fostering literary talent. The new "Era" gives many opportunities for young people who are willing to experiment, and the "Relief Society Magazine" offers place for stories of a riper philosophy. And there are two magazines using juvenile stories. The material is here, asking for an interpreter.

To the teacher: Since this is the last lesson on the short story, many teachers will prefer to use the time for an expression of their own ideas, but a few suggestions are offered.

1. Choose one of Mrs. Stone's favorite stories for reading or re-telling, or Mrs. Carroll's "Phantom Family."

2. Select one of Ellen Jakeman's stories from some of the old peri-

odicals and have it read. (Another writer may be substituted.)

3. Select for reading or retelling one or more stories that you have particularly liked in some of the recent issues of the "Relief Society Magazine."

4. Discuss the sources of story material in the history of your town or in the state.

5. Some of the class members may have written stories. Have them read them in class and lead in the discussion.

6. Honor a short story writer who may be living in your ward or stake.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in June)

PERSONALITY STUDY: CUSTOM, CONFLICT AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

(Based on Overstreet's *Influencing Human Behavior*, pp. 238-255, 279-281, 290-292.)

Is progress real? In what does it consist? Do we genuinely believe in eternal progress—the kind that insists that this life is part of eternity? What are some of the essential attitudes and habits with which we need to be concerned in order to be properly designated as progressive in the best sense of the word? Is social as well as individual progress a possibility and if so how widespread must it be in order to be substantial?

There are some who would say that society has made no real progress because they say man is equipped much the same biologically as he was thousands of years ago. They are among those who confidently repeat the time-worn saying that "human nature never changes." In a previous lesson (See *Magazine* for December, 1930, page 696) it was pointed out that our biologically transmitted human nature is no more significantly human nature than the part which comes to us as a *social* heritage or the parts that are susceptible to change. Certainly some parts of human nature and many seemingly fixed social customs and traditions are subject to change and improvement.

We are quite ready to admit that the conception of a possible orderly development of society which man can in some measure consciously control is comparatively new. Even at the present time intelligent notions along this line are none too widespread. For the most part as Robinson says in his *Mind in The Making*:

> "We still assume that received dogmas represent the secure conclusions of mankind, and that current institutions represent the approved results of much experiment in the past, which it would be worse than futile to repeat. * * * We resent the imputation that things are not going, on the whole, pretty well, and find excuses for turning our backs on disconcerting and puzzling facts. * * * (We) fail to see that almost all the things that we prize today represent revolts against tradition, and were in their beginnings what seemed to be shocking divergencies from current beliefs and practices." (Pp. 129-130, 215.)

While we have cause to appreciate very much our great five-fold social inheritance outlined in the *Magazine* for November, 1931, p. 665, it would be folly not to recognize that as good as these inheritances from the past are, they are still in the making. The truly enlightened and progressive modern person cannot be satisfied with a reconstruction of modern social institutions strictly according to some alleged primitive pattern. There is

ever a need for improvement—for taking into consideration the changed conditions of today. As Lowell says:

"New occasions teach new duties:
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth."

A fundamental teaching of the Church is that new revelations are continually necessary for its well being. There can be no "true and living church" which does not "keep abreast of Truth" and show appropriate signs of life. Similar signs of real progress should characterize other social institutions.

We need to be sufficiently impressed with the fact that very many of our customs and traditions have started somewhere in the obscure and unenlightened past and that many circumstances have tended to prevent their being improved much since they were started. Most societies are quite thoroughly custom-ridden and all sorts of superstitions and absurd traditions are accepted and ignorantly passed on to the next generation. The mere age and general social acceptance of forms of behavior and ideas handed down from the past, gives them with many people, a tremendous prestige. They do not have the disposition nor the courage to examine into their merits, to offer constructive criticisms, or to propose any improvements.

It seems that society insists very strongly on conformity to standards derived from the past. It is a special virtue to defend these standards and to brand their critics as public enemies. Even the most intelligent criticism that may be offered with the best of intentions and which if accepted would probably lead to very good social consequences is seldom well received. It is promptly denounced as mere worthless fault-finding. The reputations of the prophets Amos and Jeremiah are none too good with us even today, for it is so easy for us to imagine them as men who would criticize the practices of our present society. The speaker who desires social approval when he tells of their great messages, takes care to make little or no reference to their application to our present situation. In short, we have little use for competent and courageous critics of our own social order. We can almost be depended upon to treat them with scorn and with severe disciplinary measures of repression.

But society may, to some extent, be justified in its conservative tendencies. Most would-be critics of social customs do not have enough true insight into the matters they seem so ready to set at rights. It is surprisingly easy to set up in the fault-finding business so far as being able to see defects is concerned. Many critics do not take a sobering comprehensive view of themselves before they rush forward with criticisms of some of their fellows or of society at large. (Matt. 7:3-5.) Many of them are to be properly classed as mere irresponsible cynics. Much of what they offer is not the result of straight or sound thinking, but rather of their tendencies to engage in comfortable day-dreams of little practical value. During recent years especially, we have had sweeping criticisms offered reflecting surprizingly little social insight but born prematurely as the direct consequence of vague feelings of social unrest.

Certainly society must protect itself against such critics as those mentioned in the above paragraph. However, we would no doubt in the end be much better off if we could learn to recognize and encourage the non-conformist who really has su-

perior insight and practical ability as well as good intentions.

Society should get rid of its unworthy conceptions of authority and its tendencies to unduly restrain individual initiative. The old idea of authority was associated with arbitrariness, with unjust practices, and with little or no recognition of other individuals as being at least potentially free and eternal beings of equal importance with those who temporarily were in a position to exercise the so-called authority. Study very carefully Doc. and Cov. 121:34-44 and try to let it help you enlarge your conception of the nature of authority and the responsibility necessarily involved in its proper exercise. Then read section 58, verses 26 to 29 inclusive, with the purpose of gaining an appreciation of the important place of worthwhile individual initiative in any progressive society. Here we have social ideals set up for us which if practiced would operate to bring about most profound changes for the better in the lives of all of us. If you have not caught the great significance of these passages it may repay you to read them over again somewhat more carefully. Are not these things at least equally as important as other parts of our Gospel that receive far more emphasis?

Now let us turn to a brief consideration of social conflict. Its frequency if not its desirability has been implied in much of the above discussion, and Overstreet discusses this phase of our subject at some length. No doubt we are able to imagine a society wherein conflict has little or no place at all but the social order that we actually know about is certainly characterized by an appreciable amount of unrest, social friction, crises of various kinds, and even war.

Should the effort be to do away with as much conflict as possible? To what extent, if any, can you agree with the statement sometimes made that "all conflict is good?" Can you point out examples of fruitless industrial conflicts, race conflicts, religious conflicts, family quarrels, etc.? Under what circumstances would you say that conflict may be really intelligent? What are some of our immediate problems in relation to social conflicts? Considerable help may be had on most of the above questions if the designated part of our text for this lesson is read carefully.

In conclusion may we emphasize the need of striving to extend our understanding and sympathy so as to include other peoples and nationalities with whom we might otherwise find ourselves in unwholesome opposition. We should furthermore develop toward them the disposition and the means to cooperate wholeheartedly for the common good. In our present social arrangements there are far too few influences making for a truly large group consciousness and human brotherhood. But we need not be discouraged, for although substantial social progress takes place very slowly we can see real signs of mankind's becoming more civilized—signs more significant than those so frequently mentioned that have come as a result of the application of the physical sciences. The average man in some societies is able to live a richer and fuller life than ever before and these blessings are being g r a d u a l l y achieved in ever wider circles. Progress is real but we had better not depend upon its taking place in some wholly mysterious or automatic way. What we do or do not do individually and cooperatively really does matter and it is up to us now to assume the risks involved and to carry on.

A Few Possible Problems for Discussion

1. Briefly answer in your own way, each of the questions asked in the first paragraph of this lesson. Try to support each answer with reasons or evidences.

2. How would you refute the statement that human nature never changes? Make statements about our five-fold social inheritance and show how the reality of these different inheritances must be given due consideration by anyone who would properly answer the question as to whether or not mankind is becoming more civilized.

3. Discuss the extracts given in the lesson taken from Robinson's *Mind in the Making.*

4. Robinson says we resent the imputation that all is not well in our society. The Book of Mormon (See II Nephi 28:21) condemns the leader who in order to stand well with the group lulls them into "carnal security" saying, "all is well in Zion," etc., when in reality there is a need of crying repentance. What would you say about the social insight of the writer of this part of the Book of Mormon in terms of our lesson?

5. Read important parts of the messages of Amos and Jeremiah that probably would not be well received by us because of our deficiencies and our unwillingness to accept even helpful criticism.

6. Consider carefully the definitions of the words "criticize" and "appreciate" and show how these words are quite closely related. Is it probable that many so-called negative criticisms if properly heeded would be found to be very helpful? Give reasons to support your answer. What are the necessary qualifications of a good critic?

7. Discuss fully Doc. and Cov. 121:34-44. What parts of this quotation seem most important to you? Least heeded by those concerned? Discuss Doc. and Cov. 58:26-29. Recite verse 27 from memory and lead the class in a concert recitation of the same. Have several members tell why this extract seems especially important to them?

8. Reflect in a short discussion, Overstreets' ideas about debating. To what extent do you agree with him?

9. A successful school administrator who has unusual ability in handling conflicts that frequently arise, says that when one party to a potential dispute has his fighting togs on and shows evidence of anger it is a good time for the other party to keep cool and not provoke further anger. What do you think of this generalization? Have you recently put it into practice to the advantage of those concerned? By any chance did it ever prove to be poor advice to follow?

10. Expand rather fully on this short text from Woodrow Wilson: *"The points on which we agree are many."* Mention a number of "our more civilized techniques" making for social progress.

11. Professor John Dewey has given us two important standards for judging the value of educational activities: (1) To what extent have they stimulated desires for continued growth? (2) To what extent have they furnished the necessary basis upon which further development may take place? With these standards in mind what would you say about the success of this social service course with you? What new desires have these lessons given you? What plans do you have for further personal development along the lines suggested by the lessons? Be specific.

Spring—A Fantasy

By Ezra J. Poulsen

SPRING is a gay lass. She has just come tripping back with more loveliness than ever. Smiles and coy glances wreathed her face, while the delicate beauty of a thousand blended colors radiated from her filmy garments as she passed up the street; and all the children ran out to meet her.

Somehow the merry old earth seems born anew with Spring here. This sprightly maiden with blossoms in her hair greets old and young alike with such bewitching tenderness that everyone is made happy. She goes by the sleeping gardens and awakens them with the touch of her magic wand; from the quaint basket on her arm she releases flocks of joyous birds, which circle around her and disappear among the trees, singing praises to their queen. Everywhere the little fountains bow their heads in homage.

At the farther end of the street, where the houses seem to huddle cheerlessly, Spring hesitates. Her gay smile mellows into an expression of loving sympathy, while the shadows slink away. From the dull windows, and from the drab yards troops of pinched faces turn toward her with renewed hope, and many thin little arms are extended in pleading welcome.

Has Spring brought blessings to these? She has. At the first moment of her approach she was welcomed with emotions too deep for words. Then a long wondering murmur broke the stillness, an exclamation blended of laughter and tears; and many eager feet hurried toward her. The disillusioned men, the sad-faced women, the hopeful children, all know she brings them a gift.

Since Spring has a heart of charity, tears as clear as drops of morning dew glistened in her blue eyes when she heard that some had been cold, and others had been sick. But she smiled again, and spoke cheerfully to everyone. Then, because she is the incarnation of love and life, she scattered her flowers more profusely than ever, and bade her birds sing their most beautiful songs. Into the faces of the children she put color and gaiety.

Spring is a welcome lass. She is the carrier of new hopes and bright dreams. She is the harbinger of Easter, and the sweet-faced messenger of Him who is the resurrection and the life.

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